

IS COWARDICE CURABLE? BY 3 GENERALS AND 4 ADMIRALS. (See Inside.)

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The amounts these represent appear in SMITH'S WEEKLY.

No. 837.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 2, 1906. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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Particulars in each Packet.

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The Best Remedy known for
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Admitted by the Profession to be the Most Valuable Remedy ever discovered.

Effectually cuts short all attacks of **SPASMS.**

The only Palliative in
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Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

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MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD

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EVERY MAN

VARICOCELE

EVERY MAN

EVERY MAN

Is Cowardice Curable?

Opinions of Famous Soldiers and Sailors.

[To be a coward is a terrible thing for a man. He is almost beyond pity, beneath contempt, and yet it is an open question whether he is not the victim of a malady which he cannot control. Can a coward, then, conquer his weakness, or is it a case of once a coward always a coward? That was the question addressed to some of our most famous soldiers and sailors, whose replies will be found below.]

General Luke O'Connor, V.C.

PROBABLY every man is nervous under his "Baptism of fire," or when confronted with any great danger for the first time. Indeed, so far as soldiers are concerned, I should not give much for the man who was not nervous on first going into action, and see the killed and wounded. For unless you fear the death God in His wisdom may send you, and unless you fear your enemy in the sense of having a proper respect for him, you are not likely to make a good soldier.

The reckless spirit who fears nothing is apt to bring disaster in his train, and to fail in his duty by running unnecessary risks. Therefore I hold it no weakness, but on the contrary a good sign, that a man should be somewhat nervous the first time he goes under fire.

Then between nervousness and cowardice there is a great difference, which I will endeavour to illustrate by a little story.

One day, when I was in the Crimea, a boy of a midshipman came into the trenches for the first time. Presently a shot whizzed by his head and he ducked, a very natural but silly thing to do, for of course the bullet had passed him by the time he heard it. However, a naval captain standing by saw the middy duck, and, upbraiding him for showing the "white feather," ordered him to sit astride one of the guns, where he would present an excellent target for the enemy, until he had learnt to control himself. The middy did as he was bid, and sat unmoved amid shot and shell until the captain released him. Now, a coward could not have done that; he would have tumbled off the gun with fright.

It has been my unpleasant experience to see some examples of cowardice. In one case the offender was an officer, who, apart from this failing, was an excellent soldier in all other respects. He simply could not control himself in the presence of danger. In my opinion nervousness is soon cured by experience, but cowardice is a physical defect or disease, for which there is no remedy.

Admiral Sir John Ommanney Hopkins, G.C.B.

In reply to the question, "Is Cowardice Curable?" in my opinion it is not, though the naturally timid individual may be capable of heroism if his moral fibre is strong. The brave are lion-hearted by nature, but the ordinary character is much what his moral force makes him in regard to pluck.

Leaders of men have probably the combination of moral and physical bravery, and whilst a man may be as brave as his officer, the latter is probably the first in the breach, by reason of the moral promptings that compel him to show the way. These are my musings on the subject, and may be accepted for what they are worth.

Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, G.C.B.

In reply to your question, "Is Cowardice Curable?" if I must say "Yes" or "No," I say "Yes." But no one defines what cowardice is. It is many things, i.e., its causes and its effects are most various. If a man tells me he never was afraid of anything, I simply do not believe him.

My experience of life is that everybody is afraid of—that is, timid about—something. Of this I have seen instances which time does not allow me to recount.

Also, states of health, hours of the day or night, temperature even, affect many minds as regards their nervousness or otherwise.

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Keep your Cash Ticket, it may mean money in your pocket. Winning numbers published in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

A "coward" in a military sense is of course a man who when required to expose his person to risk from an official enemy hesitates to do so; but that is only one form of many sorts of cowardice.

History tells us of warriors who at times have shown what appeared to be timidity, but on most occasions have acted with great courage.

But in short, as "Grief fieth to death," and many passions will overpower the fear of it, so what may pass under the name of cowardice is often but a passing weakness; and in most persons worthy of the name of man may, I believe, be overcome.

E. H. Seymour { admitted of the fact.

Major-General E. H. Sartorius, V.C.

You ask my opinion as to whether "Cowardice is Curable?" Yes, I think so. Sense of duty, sensitiveness to the opinions of others, and a great wish to protect from danger some cherished object (so often the case with women) are so many influences which can and do overcome that physical weakness.

There are rare cases of men who may be said to have had no sense of fear; but the majority are not so constituted, and are largely influenced by the feelings mentioned above, "who fear but do."

Naturally, the greater the physical weakness the greater must be the counteracting influence.

Admiral J. S. Bosanquet.

(A distinguished Crimean veteran.)

THERE is a distinction between cowardice and the nervousness which many experience when first exposed to danger in action, and which passes off, not to return.

I know of one or two instances in the Crimean War of officers in our service who have proved themselves cowards; but they were not given an opportunity of undergoing a cure, if such was possible, as they had to leave the service.

Taking myself as an instance, I am under the impression that it is curable.

General Sir Julius Raines, K.C.B.

Yes, I certainly think that cowardice in a soldier or sailor in action is curable. A man may not, in his heart, feel a coward, yet when he comes in close contact with a brave foe he may get a sudden panic and turn tail. I think any man can easily overcome his weakness in the moment of peril, particularly when in battle, and in a tight corner; he is surrounded by impetuous and brave comrades, and hence would keenly feel his degradation if he in the least showed the "white feather."

Admiral Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, G.C.B.

You ask my opinion "Is Cowardice Curable?" There are no doubt mean men, whose selfish care for a whole skin is incurable. They are the rats of life, who should in an ideal community be extirpated. Fortunately, such men are rare. The ordinary man feels fear more or less, but if he is high-minded and public-spirited, even though constitutionally he may not be far removed from a coward, he may be capable of the bravest deeds.

FATHER, in the hall, had been standing for half an hour while Millicent and Harold bade each other good-night in the doorway.

"Parting," quoted Harold, "is such sweet sorrow that I could say good-night until—"

At this speech the father got a Shakespearean inspiration of his own and tramped down the stairs.

He asserted "that there is too much adieu about nothing here."

NOT IN TIME.

MABEL: "My dearest Olga, I could not rest until I had come and made an effort to dispel the gloomy thoughts which, to judge from your letter yesterday, threatened to develop into suicidal mania. 'Tis true Alfred has jilted you—the wretch. Still, try to act like a sensible girl and look out for another engagement."

Olga: "Your advice comes too late, darling."

"Good gracious, Olga! You surely haven't taken poison?"

"Well, n-n-no; the fact is, I—I became engaged again yesterday."

TEACHER: "Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."

Johnnie: "Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it for me."

LITTLE EFFIE (who has stroked the kitten until she has begun to purr): "Maudie, do you hear that?"

Sister Maudie: "Hear what?"

Effie: "Why, I do believe Kitty's boiling!"

A COSTLY MATTER.

ASSIZE prisoners have occasionally but little faith in the ability of counsel assigned for their defence. Not long ago a prisoner was informed by the judge that his defence would be undertaken by X, "and," added his lordship, "that will cost you nothing." Prisoner, however, held a different view, and was heard to remark that his lordship "hadn't done the straight thing nohow."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the judge sternly.

"Well," said the prisoner, "you said as the Court would provide counsel, and it was a-goin' to cost nothing. If that's my counsel," he continued, indicating the rather diminutive gentleman who had been set apart for the defence, "it's a-goin' to cost me ten years, an' no less."

JERROLD: "I can't get any speed out of that motor-car you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it."

Hobart: "So I was, old chap. For obstructing the highway."

"I SAY, Jackson," said Simpson, "I met a man yesterday that told me I looked very like you."

"Indeed," replied Jackson, indignantly; "give me his name, and I'll go and knock him down." "You needn't trouble," replied Simpson; "I did that myself."

A SHOPMAN in Glasgow was very much annoyed with children coming in asking the time. On one occasion a little boy came in and asked the time. The shopman told him. A minute or two had hardly elapsed when the little boy came running back and asked the same question. The shopman angrily replied: "I told you the time before."

The little boy innocently answered: "Ah, but it's for another woman this time."

MAKING FUN OF PHARAOH.

THE fables of Æsop prove that the ancients were not without a liking for fun; and the remains of ancient art tell the same story. Examples of artistic humour are more common than is supposed by most persons.

A drawing on a tile in the New York Museum represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion. She is seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl, and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject-looking tom cat, his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British Museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat, and a herd of goats by two wolves with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in the Museum of Turin a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place a lion, a crocodile, and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed, and sceptred like a Pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor.

Another picture shows a Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle-axes and bows and arrows.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"



By WALTER J. MOWBRAY.

THE night was very still. A lazy land-breeze wafted in little puffs over the phosphorescent sea. The great searchlight of the *Ocidental* streamed out to the very base

of the dark "Gap" where the good ship *Dunbar* had once gone down. In the star-strawed heavens the queen of night was scarcely missed. For far over the waters went the searching penetrating light of South Head, sweeping the sea as with a silver sword. The great liner had dropped her anchor.

Presently, when the pearly opalescence of dawn peeped shyly in the east, they would see the tug of the pilot shoot out between the Heads to take them to their wharfage in the most beautiful of all the world's harbours.

To the passengers, so near their destination, sleep was out of the question. Under the glow of the electric lights they were capping the long voyage with an all fresco concert. To-morrow they would all go their several ways. It was as well, therefore, to make the most of their flash-light friendships to-night.

But there was one who did not participate in this merriment. She stood alone by the broad taffrail, gazing anxiously out over the shining sea. A few hours and the fate of two lives would lie in the balance. Hers would be one—the other his. The decision would not rest with her, but with him, and she was afraid. So she spent the long hours broodingly and waited for the morrow.

It came at last—clear and soft and golden. A cheer went up as the pilot came on board and the great ship weighed anchor. Then she moved majestically into port and threaded her way among a flotilla of moving craft to her berth in the deep waters of Circular Quay.

Eager passengers thronged the companion-way. But the girl still held back. She had waited impatiently for the moment to come. Now that it had come, she was afraid. But it could not be averted. A little nervously she stepped to the top of the companion-way and looked down upon the wharf.

Just below her stood a tall good-looking young man, who scanned the faces of the passengers as they descended. Her heart gave a great leap as she saw him. A feeling of faintness stole over her as she looked. Would he turn from her with contempt? A few swift moments and he would know all. What would he say?

Slowly, and with limbs that shook beneath her, she descended to the wharf and approached him. He saw her coming and a puzzled look came into his eyes. She could see that he was bewildered. But she forced herself to smile and approached him with outstretched hand. Confusedly he lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I expected someone else. Perhaps you bring me news of her?"

She bowed.

"Can we go somewhere?" she pleaded. "I cannot explain here."

He nodded.

"Certainly," he said. "But where is your luggage? I had better see that safely into the Customs shed before we go."

She turned and looked back at the great ship. Already the steam-cranes were at work.

"There are my boxes," she said, and the two walked to where they lay upon the wharf. He started as he read the name upon the labels. If he had been bewildered before, he was doubly so now.

"But I don't understand," he said.

"The girl flushed scarlet."

"I will tell you all as soon as we get away from here," she said in a low voice.

Like one in a dream he led her away. They had not far to go. In a quiet hotel at the foot of Pitt Street they found a private room where they might talk without reserve. She sat down, nervously drawing off her gloves and wondering how she should begin. But in this he was before her.

"Perhaps I ought to explain also," he said quietly. "There is just a possibility that we have made a mistake. My name is Wilfred Shaw. Three years ago I came out here from England to improve my position."

"Before leaving I had made the acquaintance of a young lady who was a member with me of a choral society in London. It was nothing more than an acquaintance at that time. But I asked to be allowed to write to her from Sydney and she consented."

"Two years' correspondence ended in an engagement. Three months ago I begged her to join me here. She was to come by the *Ocidental* and arrangements were made for her to stay with a family in Darlinghurst until we could be duly married. She wrote to me from Suva and I quite expected to meet her to-day. Yet only her boxes have arrived. Surely nothing has happened?"

He looked at her appealingly. With a great effort she mastered a desire to sob.

"Nothing has happened," she said. "But—but I am the owner of those boxes."

He stared at her in blank surprise.

"But they belong to Miss Nellie Smith!" he protested.

"That is my name," she answered.

There was a long pause. Presently he said:

"But there must be some stupendous mistake! For three years I have corresponded with Miss Smith!"

She dropped her eyes. "For three years," she said, "you have corresponded with me."

Impulsively he rose from his seat. Then he remembered something and drew from his pocket a packet of letters.

"But you did not write these!" he protested.

She glanced at them swiftly.

"I wrote them every one," she answered.

He straightened himself, gazing down at her with wonder and incredulity in his brown eyes.

"Do you mean to assert," he asked deliberately, "that it is with you I have corresponded all this time—that it is from you all these answers came?"

Her voice was scarcely audible when it reached him.

"I do," she said.

He went slowly back to his seat like one bewitched. Presently she got up, and, crossing the floor, knelt down beside him.

"Oh Wilfred," she cried piteously, "do not condemn me for what I have done! At first I did it without thinking of the end. And then—I began to love you so passionately that I could not bear the thought of losing you. And now—now you have found me out and are going to punish me!"

She stopped, sobbing. He was looking straight before him.

"It was not you I knew when I came away," he said dully. "It is all so bewildering and I cannot understand."

She clasped her hands convulsively upon his knee.

"Listen," she said, "and I will confess all. I too was a member of the choral society. I too had been introduced to you. But you did not notice me and scarcely heeded my name. My cousin's pretty face attracted you and to her you were drawn."

"When you had gone, she told me of her new conquest. You had begged to be allowed to write to her. I asked her what she meant to do. The answer angered me. You did not know that she was engaged already, that the winning of a man's love was of little value to her. I knew and despised her for it. Then came the circumstance which tended to this development."

"You remembered the name of the street in which my cousin lived. But the number you had forgotten. It did not occur to you that perhaps there might be two girls of the same name in one street. Yet such was the case and your first letter was delivered to me. I read it and did not at first know how to act. The letter touched me. It was so real and true and manly. How could I give it to one who, related as she was to me, had proved herself so heartless as to lead you on to no purpose?"

"Yet how again could I warn you? And then a thought flashed through me. I was free. Why need I confess my knowledge of the error? The temptation was strong—stronger than you can think. I think I must have loved you from the moment I saw you first. You seemed to me so strong and wise and good. So I wrote to you, acting as though I were she and knowing well that you would not discover the truth. Again and again you wrote and I replied. Week by week the truth became more real to me. I was learning to love the writer of those letters with growing fervour. How could I tell you the truth when the truth would bring me misery and shame?"

"And then you asked me to be your wife. Oh, the joy that letter gave me! You loved me! Even the cloud that lay upon the horizon could not stay my happiness. It was too late then to withdraw. Love urged me on. Come what might, I was determined to go on as I had begun. You know the rest, Wilfred. You sent for me and I have come. What will you say to me?"

"Can you forgive? I know I have deceived you. Yet the deception has come out of love—love for you only. Can you not think of me still as of her who is dead to you? She has been two years married and has forgotten even your name. Do with me as you will. Punish me if you must. I will go back to England if you bid me, though I do so with a broken heart. But oh, if you can—if you can—forgive!"

The voice died away and there was a long silence in the room. The man's eye wandered downward to the bowed head, crowned with its silky curls. Then it fell on the packet of letters that still lay upon the table. A sigh escaped him and he lifted the trembling girl up till her face was close to his own.

"It is not for me," he said gently, "to condemn the woman I love. The girl I left in England was only an acquaintance. Under other circumstances, that might have been changed. But that is gone now. The woman I have learnt to love is the woman who wrote these letters. I cannot love any other."

She looked into his face, the tears still dimming her eyes.

"And you forgive me?" she asked, breathless with delight.

He took her face between his two hands and kissed it many times.

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "Indeed, I owe you much more than I ever dreamed. Now let me send for a hansom. Mrs. Emerson will think us unconscionable laggards."

And they went down the stairs together.

"You have a fine climate here," said the visitor to a Margate man. "Such bracing air!"

"Yes," replied the Margate man gloomily, "but then there bicyclists come along and pump the air into their tyres, and carry it off."

An Irishman had just come over from Ireland to London to seek his fortune, when, as he was walking along one of the busy thoroughfares, he saw a batch of policemen going on duty.

"Begorra!" he exclaimed, "they told me the strates of London were paved with 'gold,' but I find it's paved with 'coppers.'"

FURTHER PARTICULARS NEEDED.

It happened in one of the large hospitals in London, where it has been necessary to introduce certain time-saving devices in the dispensary. The patient gets a printed prescription that calls for a preparation that has been already made up. At the same time he gets directions for its use.

One morning recently a patient, a man, came in and described the symptoms of rheumatism.

The doctor gave him one of the printed slips, and said: "Now, Pat, when you go home get your wife to rub this on your back."

"Thank you, doctor," and off he went.

A few minutes later the Irishman re-appeared, seeming rather embarrassed, and in his hand was the prescription.

"Well?" asked the medico.

"Sure, doctor, and which side of the paper must I rub on me back?"

"WHAT do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one, sir!" was the little man's reply.

KIND LADY: "Here is a glass of water. Certainly you can drink that."

Tramp: "No, mum. I've got an iron constitution, and the water would rust it."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

THE two brothers had been apart for years, but now Jack had returned from the Colonies, and he lit a cigar, and eyed his brother sheepishly.

"You know, I always was a quixotic sort of chap," he said, tentatively; "but can you guess why I came home this year?"

"Well, old chap, we're all glad enough to see you; but I can't say I know your special reason for coming home."

The other drew a photograph from his pocket.

"You remember you sent me this group about five years ago?"

"Well," said the brother, "what about it?"

"This. You see this girl in the front row? Well, as soon as I saw her photo, I fell in love with her. Man, she's perfect! Her face has been before me in all my wanderings, and I determined that I would make a fortune, and then come home and lay it at her feet. Yes, I know it was an odd fancy to take, but I'm like that; and now that I've made the money, I've come to you to know who she is and where I can find her."

"My dear old fellow," said Fred kindly, "don't take it to heart, but—"

"She's married!"

"No, it's not that; but that is a photograph of young Tom Robinson. He's a member of an amateur dramatic club, and when that was taken he was filling a gap by taking a girl's part!"

"SOLDIERS must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

LITTLE WILLIE: "I say, pa."

Pa: "Well, what is it, my son?"

Little Willie: "What did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?"

WOULD DECIDE NEXT SATURDAY.

IN the days when a brown stone front was regarded as the outer and visible sign of "gentility," and when life in New York was a simpler matter than it is to-day, there lived in one of the orthodox mansions a certain highly respectable maiden lady and two nephews, to whom she was guardian.

A class mate and chum of the elder boy had become the happy possessor of a rooster, which, the seller assured him, had a "big, gamy streak to him."

Inflamed by this eulogy, both boys were wild for a "match," and, not having means wherewith to purchase an antagonist, they put their heads together to compass the borrowing of one, with the following results.

The younger cousin, an unusually polite and gentle little boy, was dispatched on the first holiday to the grocery where the family dealt, ostensibly to order a chicken for dinner. "But," he said, pointing to a coop of live fowls, "my aunt wants to see it before you kill it."

The grocer assented, and forthwith drew from the coop what he considered a desirable bird. But the boy would have none of it. He had set his heart on a rainbow-coloured rooster with enormous comb and tail. "Why," said the grocer, "that is the toughest old customer in the bunch."

"My aunt likes them tough," said the gentle little boy.

In a couple of hours the rooster was borne back to the store—one eye shut, his comb torn and bleeding, and but one feather of his beautiful tail left. But he was crowing so triumphantly that a small crowd followed him. He had suffered, but the bird with the "big, gamy streak to him" was nowhere.

"My aunt is very much obliged to you," said the polite and gentle little boy to the astonished grocer.

"She can't decide to-day, but she would like to look at him again next Saturday."

THE MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE.

Fresh List of Towns this Week.

Carry a Copy in Your Hand all Day To-Day and To-morrow. Show a Copy in Your Window.

The following are the towns which will be visited by The Mysterious Millionaire and some of his assistants during this week. According to his weekly letter he will be in these places some time during the afternoon of to-day (Friday) and to-morrow (Saturday):

FROME	RHYL	SMALL HEATH
TROWBRIDGE	BANGOR	BRADFORD-ON-
WILLINGTON	HAYWARD'S	AVON (WILTS)
(DURHAM)	HEATH	LANCHESTER
LLANDUDNO	DEVIZES	COLWYN
SEAFORD	CHESTER-	LEWES
WESTBURY	LE-STREET	SMETHWICK
BIRTLEY	NEWHAVEN	

A dozen of his men will, if possible, pay surprise visits to the following towns:

SWINDON	PARKSTONE	MELTON MOW-
WORKSOP	HOLYHEAD	BRAY
BURNHAM	WIGSTON	SURBITON
DUNFERMLINE	HORSHAM	GOOSPORT
EASTLEIGH	GOOLE	HERNE BAY
PONTYPRIDD	LUDLOW	WAKEFIELD
WILMSLOW	SEACOMBE	WILLENHALL

The rest of his assistants will wander at random about the country and purchase copies in villages and country districts.

ANOTHER £10 GIVEN FOR A COPY.

I HAD the good luck to meet the Mysterious Millionaire in Shore Street, Gourock. He presented me with two £5 Bank of England notes in exchange for my copy of *Pearson's Weekly*.—Sergeant Inspector B. SHEARER, 1st Renfrew Volunteer Battalion, Drill Hall, Gourock.

COPIES EXCHANGED FOR ARTICLES.

Mr. E. Collins, 2 Queen's Gate, Victoria Park, Lower Stoke, Devonport, fifty cigarettes.
Mrs. English, 6 Fen Lane, Beccles, pair of boots.
Mr. J. P. Chapman, 61 Bazaar, Town Hall, Portobello, 5s. worth of cigars.
Miss A. Collyer, 63a Pyle Street, Newport, I. of W., blouse.
Mr. H. Robinson, 8, Swan Street, Kidderminster, quarter-pound of tobacco.
Mr. F. Gardner, 5, Victoria Terrace, Honiton, umbrella.
Mrs. F. Look, Belmont, George Street, Hyde, I. of W., blouse.
Mr. J. Keen, 4 Bulstrode Parade, Lampton Rd., Hounslow, shoes.

COPIES BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Mrs. Hall, 27 Vine Place, Bell Road, Hounslow, 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Bishop, Holly Cottage, Lion Road, Hounslow, 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Tucker, 8 Fore Street, Totnes, 5s.
Mr. F. Toogood, Township Office, Tempest Place, Seaham Harbour, 5s. 6d.
Mr. T. W. Raibitt, 70 Church Street, Seaham Harbour, 5s.
Master T. Natrass, 10 High Queen St., Witton Park, Durham, 5s.
Mr. C. B. Harris, 109 Victoria Road, Aldershot, 2s. 6d.
Mr. A. Kerridge, 17 Granville Street, Ipswich.
Mr. O. E. Howard, 17 Lower Cheltenham Place, Montpelier, Bristol, 5s.
Mr. A. Adams, Central Bar, Portobello, 2s. 6d.
Mr. R. Forson, Rechabite House, Ashgrove, Kilm, 2s.
Mr. A. S. Wood, c/o Mr. Blair, 19 Regent Street, Portobello, 2s. 6d.
Miss A. McKensie, Ardine, Milton Road, Dunoon, 1s.
Miss M. McKensie, Ardine, Milton Road, Dunoon, 1s.
Mr. J. McMillan, c/o Mr. McNeill, 2 Winton Street, Ardrossan, 4s.
Miss M. Elliott, 55 Glasgow Street, Ardrossan, 5s.
Mrs. Mair, 20 Ardrossan Road, Saltcoats, N.B., 5s.
Mrs. Gilchrist, 40 Vicarston Street, Girvan.
Mr. D. Neil, Postman, G.P.O., Ayr, 2s.
Mr. R. Thorburn, Cumber House, Millport, 5s.
Miss M. Duncan, 17 Stanley Road, Saltcoats, N.B., 3s.
Mr. A. Nelson, 4 Dockhead Street, Saltcoats, 4s. 6d.
Mr. A. Brewer, c/o Mr. Fergus, Falkland Cottage, North Edward Street, Nunoon, 2s. 6d.
Mr. J. B. Howie, 25 Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow, 3s.
Mr. R. M. Gillon, Alexandra Place, Kilm, 1s.
Mr. B. G. Radjes, Westwood, West Argyle St., Helensburgh, 2s.
Mr. J. McDonagh, 10 John Street, Helensburgh, 2s.
Master N. Dewar, 87 West King Street, Helensburgh, 2s. 6d.
Mr. T. Davis, 15 West King Street, Helensburgh, 5s.
Mrs. Connell, 5 Chapel Street, Gourock, 5s.
Miss I. M. Crawford, 39 Melville St., Pollokshields, Glasgow, 2s.
Mr. O. Phillips, c/o Mr. P. Kerr, 51 Brougham St., Gourock, 7s.
Mr. W. MacLeod, jun., 43 Tassie St., Shawlands, Glasgow, 4s.
Mr. M. Roberts, 18 West End Ter., Newport, Isle of Wight, 2s.
Mr. A. Eyles, 15 West End Terrace, Newport, Isle of Wight, 5s.
Master W. Wallier, 2 Monkham's Cottages, Woodford Green.
Mr. O. J. Ashton, High Street, Epping, 5s.
Mr. R. J. Butcher, Norwich Road, East Dereham, 2s. 6d.
Mr. J. Brooks, 54 Baxter Road, East Dereham, 2s.
Miss E. M. Utting, 8 St. Nicholas Street, East Dereham, 2s.
Mr. W. Elvin, 44 Pudding Moor, Beccles, Suffolk, 2s.
Mr. W. C. Bishop, 234 Westbury, Sherborne, Dorset, 5s.
Mr. B. Houghton, 109 High Street, Brentwood, 5s.
Miss O. Bruges, 9 Tower Hill, Brentwood, 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Whyman, Ashleigh, Meadow Road, Loughton, 5s.
Mr. H. Massey, 13 High Street, Kidderminster, 3s. 10d.
Mr. F. B. Gowler, Combe Street, Chard, 5s.
Mr. E. J. Tiffin, Church Avenue, Sherborne, 6d.
Mr. H. Hasted, "Old Curio Shop," Hyde, I. of W., 2s. 3d.
Mrs. Lane, Cheap Street, Sherborne, 5s.
Mr. H. Alfred, Cliff Cottages, Beccles, 2s. 6d.
Mr. W. O. Gordon Gapper, South Street, Axminster, 10s.
Mr. B. V. Bryan, New Street, Honiton, 10s.
Mr. B. Summers, Fairmile, Ottery St. Mary.
Miss E. Goodland, Silver Street, Chard, 10s.
(Owing to pressure of space a large number of names and addresses have been held over till next week.)



Ships Strangely Delayed.

One Boat Encounters an "Earthquake Wave" in Mild Ocean.

While Another Has Her Engines Stopped by a Rock Hurlled from the Skies.

"THE liner — arrived at Liverpool twenty-four hours late, having met with severe weather in the Atlantic." This is the sort of paragraph which one so often notices in the daily papers that one eventually comes to think that, if a vessel be delayed, a storm is always the responsible cause. While this is true in a majority of instances, it is not by any means the invariable reason.

For instance, in September last, the Red Star Liner *Vaderland*, having sailed from Antwerp for New York with 1,200 passengers, experienced a very strange mishap.

She called at Dover, intending to make a stay of only a couple of hours, but while manœuvring at the Prince of Wales's Pier, a huge steel hawser caught round her propeller, and in a moment was twisted round the whirling screw as a playful kitten tangles a ball of worsted.

AN ANCHOR CAUGHT IN AN ANCHOR.

Divers went to work at once, and found the hawser jammed in a solid mass between the propeller and the boss of the shaft so as to utterly disable the liner.

It took eighteen hours' continuous and severe labour before the propeller could be cleared, and it was not until the following evening at eight o'clock, after twenty-one hours' delay, that she was able to proceed on her voyage.

A very curious experience was that of the schooner *Jean Anderson*, which one day in July two years ago had to anchor in Aldeburgh Bay on account of a contrary wind. When the wind changed and her crew tried to weigh their anchor, they found that it was immovable.

The windlass was double manned, they toiled and strained until with a crash the windlass itself broke down and left them completely helpless.

A tug had to be wired for to extricate the vessel, and then it was found that their own anchor was foul in another and much heavier anchor and chain which had been dropped by some ship unknown, perhaps many years before. They were literally anchored to an anchor.

MISTAKEN FOR A WHALE.

After an adventurous voyage of three months and nine days, the life-boat *Mredd*, which is shaped like an egg, and was built to compete for the prize offered at the St. Louis Exhibition for the best life-boat, reached New York from Salesund, Norway. She had had many extraordinary experiences on the way, having been at various times nearly sunk by an ocean liner, fouled by an icefloe, and dismantled by a blizzard, which left her drifting helpless for five weeks.

But the strangest incident of all which befell her was that, while in this helpless condition, a Norwegian whaler mistook her for a whale, and actually fired at her with a whale bomb cannon. Naturally, the unlucky crew were afraid to go on deck, and remained below until the whaler, evidently perceiving her mistake, sheered off and left her alone to make repairs.

Mention of whales brings to mind the fact that these monsters of the deep have on several occasions been responsible for delays, or worse, to vessels. Not long ago the steamship *Sierra*, arriving at San Francisco from Australia, reported that, while off the coast and steaming at sixteen knots, she had struck a huge whale, breaking its back and cutting into it so deeply that the enormous carcass stuck fast upon her keel.

RUNNING THROUGH A "ROCK."

The crew, under the impression that they had struck a rock, were terrified. It was necessary to reverse engines, back the vessel, in order to clear her from the dead whale, and even then, so severe had the shock been, they had to steam the rest of the way at reduced speed.

Again, just over a year ago, the Japanese cruiser *Takachio*, flying along at full eighteen knots an hour, on its way to attack the Russians at Chemulpho, charged a whale which is reliably reported to have been one hundred feet long.

Fortunately for the cruiser, her steel prow and great speed enabled her to cut right through the unlucky cetacean. She then slowed down to see if any damage was done, but found none, and, proceeding on her way, steamed for a mile through water encrimsoned with the blood of her unsuspecting victim.

An experience, in its way unparalleled, befell the

steamer *Nord* crossing to France on the last night of November, 1903. In mid-channel she ran into the most enormous shoal of herrings ever seen, and ploughed right through them, killing tens of thousands with her paddle wheels. So thick were the fish that the progress of the steamer was considerably affected by them.

Strange commotions occurring at the bottom of the sea sometimes affect the vessels which plough its surface. One fine February morning, the great White Star Liner *Teutonic*, tearing along at her usual speed, all of a sudden met a wall of water, a monstrous wave which swept the tall ship from stem to stern, thundering down on hatches and deck-houses, snapping iron rails, breaking off pipes as though they were made of clay, and even throwing down the men in the crew's nest. It was, without any doubt, an earthquake wave caused by seismic convulsion at the bottom of the deep Atlantic.

Ships have been scuttled by rats, overweighted by ice from freezing waves, struck by stones ejected from submarine volcanoes; but the strangest of all sea adventures was that which befell the Belgian steamer *Galileo*, on her way north from Bahia to New York.

When about seventy miles south of Barbadoes, a fierce rain storm broke, then suddenly followed thunder in cracks like the reports of huge guns, louder than any aboard had ever heard before. "Then," says an officer of the ship, "a zigzag crack appeared across the sky, and as I live to tell it, the whole great mass of cloud split, parted, and out of the sky came a solid mass of rock or iron or earth. It struck the sea with a deafening report right in front of our bows, sending up a wall of water nearly as high as the masts." The engines stopped, the crew and passengers went nearly mad with panic, but when the first shock had passed it was found that no serious damage had been done, and after a short delay the vessel was put on her course again and continued her voyage.

DECIDED BEFOREHAND.

In Cochrane, Alabama, the affairs of civil justice are administered by a judge, who is also a capable and enthusiastic farmer.

One cloudy spring afternoon a Court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous and perplexing case. He listened uneasily for a time, with growing unrest, every now and then casting a quick glance through the nearest window.

He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paper-weight, and reach for his hat.

"Captain," he called cheerily, "excuse me for interrupting you, sub; you go right on with your argument, which is a good one. It's suah goin' to raise this evening, gentlemen, an' I got to set cut my potatoes right away. But you go right on, captain! When you and the major get through, you'll find my decision under this heah paper-weight."

And the door closed upon an astonished orator.

THE NEW BOARDER: "Why does the landlady persist in burning the sausages black every morning?"
The Old Timer: "Don't you know? She's in mourning for her dog."

O'TOOLE: "Give me a shave."

New Barber: "Have you got your own mug?"

O'Toole: "Me own mug, is it? An' do yez think I'd be after goin' around wid another felly's face atop me shoulders?"

FIRST American Citizen: "Yes, sir, I lived for twenty years in the city of Tintackville, out in Dakota."

Second American Citizen: "Did you really? What awfully bad shots they must be out in Tintackville."

FRIEND: "I didn't know you painted."

Host: "I don't."

Friend: "But your portrait says, 'Thomas Newrich—by himself.'"

Host: "Well, ain't I by myself? There ain't nobody else about."

WONDERFUL WOMEN.

THE ways of man are passing strange, but what shall be said of those of woman?

The scene was a police-court, and the woman in the witness-box was displaying that curious quality which is known as loyalty to the human brute whom she had had the bad taste to marry.

Her face was swathed in bandages, but she accounted for each of her hurts by laying them to the account of various imaginary "accidents," and insisted that the lout in the dock was a model of all the matrimonial virtues. At last the patience of the Court was worn out.

"Now, look here, ma'am," said the magistrate. "I must remind you that this is a court of law, and that perjury is a criminal offence. Be careful what you say. Who was it that bit your ear in such a shocking manner?"

The poor creature hesitated a moment—it seemed that wifely loyalty was about to succumb—and then she smiled reassuringly at the man in the dock.

"Please, sir," she faltered, "I—I did it myself."

Keep your Cash Ticket, it may mean money in your pocket. Winning numbers published in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

HOW OPIUM IS OBTAINED.

OPIUM is obtained by cutting the capsule of the poppy-flower with a notched iron instrument at sunrise, and by the next morning a drop or so of juice has oozed out. This is scraped off and saved by the grower, and, after he has a vessel full of it, it is strained and dried.

It takes a great many poppies to make a pound of opium, and it goes through a number of processes before it is ready for the market. In a liquid state it looks like dark strawberry jam.

THE smallest reptile is the gecko, a thick-tongued lizard, which runs about in the night. It averages two inches in length, tail included, and lives in Africa. It can walk on the ceiling backwards.

A few years ago a soap-boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A.D. The soap found in the shop had not lost its efficacy, although it had been buried eighteen hundred years.

FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE EARTH-QUAKES.

SAN SALVADOR is built on a volcano. It has been three times destroyed by an earthquake, but the people are becoming accustomed to such excitement now. Earthquakes are pretty frequent, and, while one is naturally nervous, there is really little danger to life. The shocks have been known to come as frequently as eighty times in an hour.

The effects are quite peculiar. In the city is a brick column, nine feet high and three feet square, which was removed one hundred feet without losing its perpendicular or cracking the mortar.

The ground under the city is full of caverns of unknown depth. A man was digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick the bottom fell out, and he and his pick and all fell through, nobody knows where.

There is a volcano not far from Salvador that some years ago discharged lava over a forest. The wood all caught fire, of course, but the lava, being light and easily cooled, formed and hardened into long arcades through which it was possible to walk. Even now the imprint of the trunks and branches of the trees can be seen.

ALCOHOLIC beverages are distilled from bananas, the milk of coconuts, rice, and peas. The Japanese distil spirit from plums, peaches, and the flower of the motherwort. The Chinese make an alcoholic drink from plums.

WHILE Norway boasts an area of 124,495 square miles, four thousand more than the whole of the United Kingdom and Ireland, with the Channel Islands thrown in, her population is less than half that of London—two million odd.

IN THE CELLAR.

DURING the very hot weather, which we have recently been having, people have no doubt asked in despair: "Where shall we go to get cool?"

The question has been answered in an ingenious manner by some enterprising people, "to the cellar."

They were happy in possessing a splendid specimen of that underground and much ill-used apartment, and accordingly determined to show their friends how they would utilise it. They invited them to a cycling party, and after the ride, when they had all repaired to the house, the hungry guests looked about in amazement for things to eat, and found them not. Just as everybody was wondering how he could conveniently say good-bye and get off to the nearest restaurant, the host led the way into the lower regions.

The cellar, instead of being condemned to the usual ignoble uses, had been decorated with branches of trees, from which depended pretty Japanese lanterns, giving an air of refreshing coolness to the scene which was peculiarly delightful, considering the temperature outside. Indeed, it probably added fifty per cent. to the appetite of the guests, and that is always gratifying to any host.

Anyhow, here is a hint, and if we are treated to another spell of hot weather, which is very likely, you can act on it. First, however, be sure that you thoroughly whitewash the cellar, so that it may be quite clean before any attempt to decorate it is made.

TOMMY GOT THE JAM.

TOMMY eyed his piece of sparsely-buttered bread with looks of discontent, and then passed it back to his grandmother, with a politely worded request for some jam.

"Butter and jam?" cried the old lady, trying to look shocked. "Not unless you want us to end up in the workhouse, my child!"

"The workhouse!" repeated the boy. "Why, Uncle Bob says butter and jam's economy!"

"Does he, indeed? And how does he make that out?"

"Well, Uncle Bob says it's economy, 'cos—'cos—oh, I 'member now—'cos—'cos—the same bit of bread does for both!"

FLASHERLY: "Miss Heavyweight is a beautiful dancer. She doesn't seem to touch the floor."

Dasherly (caressing his bruised feet): "She doesn't."

"I FEAR no foe in shining armour," sang the man at the concert.

"Don't you, old chap?" grumbled the bachelor in the front row. "Then you try and open a sardine tin with a pocket-knife."

DEALER IN SECOND-HAND GARMENTS (to assistant): "We can't mark this suit 'fashionable'; it's too shabby."

Assistant (a humorist): "No; but you might mark it 'Very much worn.'"

He: "What a daring bicyclist that Miss Dashley must be. I hear that when out riding the other day she went right over a cow lying in the road."

"Yes, Miss Dashley went over, but the bicycle remained on the other side."

NO WONDER HE FELT HURT.

"How is it that you never speak to Davidson now?" asked Simpkins of his friend Jolliboy, as the pair were enjoying a constitutional in the Park. "You used to be such close chums, and now you pass each other without the slightest recognition."

"Ah! that was when we were bachelors," was the answer; "but he's married now."

"But surely you wouldn't cut a man because he is married?"

"No, I didn't cut him; he cut me."

"But why?"

"Well, when he married I made him a wedding present of a book, and he hasn't spoken to me since."

"A book! What book?"

"Paradise Lost."

WIFE (enthusiastically): "How much do you think we took in at the bazaar?"

Husband (quietly): "How many, you mean?"

MISTRESS: "You want six weeks' warning? Why, one month is all that is usual."

Servant (with an eye to revenge): "Oh, but you have such a quantity of china, mum."

LONG-HAIRED VISITOR (entering timidly): "I have here a little poem written on snow, and—"

Editor (interrupting hastily): "Written on snow! We can't use anything that isn't written on paper. Sorry. Turn the knob to the right. That's it. Good-morning!"

HOTEL PROPRIETOR (to guest at breakfast): "Did you enjoy the flute playing in the room next to you last night?"

Guest (savagely): "Enjoy it? I should think not. I spent half the night pounding on the wall for the fool to stop."

Proprietor: "Why, Puffer told me that he played every piece he knew four times, and the person in the next room applauded after every one!"

A LONG JOB.

THE skipper of a Scotch coasting vessel on his way down to his ship bought a fine hare, which he gave to the steward with directions to the cook to prepare hare soup for dinner that day. Dinner was served, but there was no hare soup.

"Where's the hare soup?" inquired the captain.

"Don't know, sir," said the steward.

"Then send the cook here!" thundered the captain.

The cook arrived, and the captain roared:

"Where's the hare soup?"

"Mighty," said the cook, "ye're in a hurry! I've only got a'e half o' him pluckit yet!"

SHE: "How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?"

HE: "I saw it in the papers this morning."

OLD LADY: "What are you crying for, little boy?"

Boy: "Please, mum, my brother's spoilt 'is new hat."

Old Lady: "But, surely you needn't cry about it."

Boy: "Please, mum, I was a-wearing it when 'e spoilt it."

A YOUNG lady, who had no knowledge of nautical phrases, asked a friend: "Do you know, I often wonder why a ship has to weigh its anchor every time it leaves port?"

The answer of her friend was not illuminating.

"Well—er—the weight is constantly changing, you know, because of the—er—binnacles and things that accumulate on the anchor!"

A SWEDS and an Irishman were out walking together, when a storm came up. The rain fell violently. They took refuge under a tree. The tree for about fifteen minutes made a good refuge, then it began to leak. The cold raindrops began to fall down the Irishman's neck, and he began to complain.

"Oh, never mind," said the Swede; "there are plenty of trees. As soon as this one is wet through we'll go under another."

THE SPONGE-FISHER.

LEANS on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge-fisher, with his water-glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge-fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water-glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make every sponge-fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduous toil, an expert sponge-fisher earns not more than £3 a month besides his "keep" on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.

In the West Indies there grows a soap tree the pulpy fruit of which will cleanse as much cloth as sixty times its weight in manufactured soap.

SPIDERS are notoriously and historically fond of music. At a performance on the continent recently the concert-hall was made disagreeable by the sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building by a violin solo. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage.

NOT SHEEP'S WOOL.

MINERAL wool is every day finding a larger and more varied use by reason of its excellence as a non-conductor of both heat and cold. For this reason it is used for covering steam-pipes as well as the walls of rooms for cold storage, which are everywhere coming into general use for the preservation of meat, vegetables, and other food. This, therefore, makes it exceedingly valuable in buildings, for it is fireproof; while, placed on the floor, it has the effect of deadening sound more completely than probably any other material which can be used for that purpose.

There are at least two varieties of mineral wool, named respectively rock wool, which is derived from sandstone, and slag wool, which is obtained from the slag of blast furnaces. The former is, however, the better for covering pipes, and for similar purposes, because it contains no sulphur, which, under the influence of the action of the moisture in the air, produces a corroding effect on the metal of the pipes.

The process by which it is manufactured is exceedingly simple. The raw material is melted in a large vessel, and is drawn off by means of a tap, from which it flows in a sluggish stream. As it comes out, steam under high pressure is blown through it, which has the effect of at once converting it into soft, fleecy clouds, which sink to the ground in accordance with their weight, and thus offers a natural and simple method of differentiating the various qualities of the article.

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How to Pester Pests.

SHORT indeed would be man's existence on earth, did not his superior intelligence and ingenuity enable him to overcome the hundred and one dangers which daily and hourly menace life.

Of great importance towards the preservation of health and vitality is a plentiful supply of farm and garden produce. Necessity has taught the farmer and fruit-grower how to ward off the attacks of frost and of the millions of insects which, if not checked, would soon reduce the fairest fertile valley to a weedy wilderness.

The strawberry crop is one of the most valuable grown in this country, an acre yielding as much as seventy to eighty pounds nett profit in a good season.

In middle and late spring the grower suffers much anxiety in case a severe frost should nip the young growth of his plants, and rob him of the results of his year's labour and expense.

The wise man anticipates this danger by planting lettuces between the rows in his strawberry beds. These plants are very susceptible to frost, and attract it, thus protecting from its ravages the more valuable crop. And if the frost does not come, the lettuces may be sold for a good price, making an additional profit on the land.

Another crop which would in many cases be ruined but for similar precautions is the scarlet runner, a bean which, at the beginning of the season, can

command a price not far short of that paid for early strawberries.

The enemy in this case is that most prolific and destructive pest, the aphid, or plant-louse, which sticks its minute beak into the plant, sucks the life-bearing juices, and by its ever rapidly increasing numbers soon destroys an entire crop.

Fortunately, this tiny insect is subject to frailties, and has a decided weakness for the broad-bean, a much less valuable plant.

This fact is well-known to the wily farmer, who caters to its taste by planting these among his runners, when the unwary insect promptly falls into the trap, for trap it is; the grower waits till large numbers of the pest have taken up their abode, then he pulls up the plants and promptly destroys them by fire. In this way his runners escape, and reach maturity.

A good method is employed to protect fruit trees from this same pest. At intervals among the fruit-bearing trees walnut or elm trees are planted. These emit an odour highly objectionable to the insects, and thus many hundreds tons of fruit are saved.

The turnip crop is very valuable to the farmer as winter feeding for cattle and sheep. Much dreaded, therefore, is the pest known as the turnip fly, whose ravages, if once it gets a good start, will destroy the roots.

How the Farmer Applies the Principle of the Lightning Conductor.

Here, again, the elm is of great service. When the seed is sown, boughs are broken from this tree and stuck in the ground at regular intervals over the entire field.

Another pest is the apple tree weevil. This pernicious blight bores into the twigs and branches, interrupting the flow of sap, and renders the part attacked useless. It may even enter the trunk and kill the entire tree.

To exterminate this pest, the farmer resorts to the following plan. Early in the life of the insect, and before it has forced an entrance through the bark, the trees are washed with a chemical which dislodges the insects, and they fall to the ground in thousands.

But one tree is left, and on this the insects, being gregarious, collect in large numbers. At the right time this tree is uprooted and destroyed by burning, and the blight is exterminated.

This, however, must be done at the right time, or what is meant for a trap may become a distributing centre.

During the months of April and May, to protect the young fruit buds from unseasonable frosts, large growers place a number of simply-constructed oil lamps, made from sheet iron, along the windward border of their orchards. The heat given off by these is sufficient to temper the biting winds, and safeguard the tender blossoms.



Have You Given Her That Ring Yet?

THE outward and visible sign of an engagement is a ring, and whenever a girl gives her promise to a young man he should give her an engagement symbol—that is his duty, and it is neither right nor fair if he does not.

Yet, there are plenty of engaged girls to-day who do not wear engagement rings, and I am quite sure these girls worry over the matter. I have heard a young man say that if a girl loved a man an engagement ring was not necessary. A fellow like that isn't of any use to a girl. A fine husband would the man make who was too mean to buy an engagement ring, for it's just meanness; there is no other name for it.

Why, an engagement ring is the one thing above all others that a girl looks forward to—what kind of a man is he who withholds it?

But, and let girls remember this, an engagement ring need not be a grand diamond and sapphire affair; the girl who insists on such a thing is vain; a sensible girl takes what she gets, even if it be a plain Misspah band. Of course, a girl likes to show off a handsome ring, but so long as it is an engagement ring of any kind a girl should be proud of it—it's not the ring so much as what it is a symbol of.

It may be that some young fellows are not mean, but thoughtless; it may never strike them that their sweethearts would like engagement rings, but young men may accept it as a truth that every engaged girl expects a ring, and is entitled to one, if only as a proof that she is engaged.

It's rather a delicate matter for a girl to ask a man for a ring, after she has accepted his offer, and he

shows no sign of giving one; but it should be done, not perhaps in actual words, but in an indirect way.

Many girls may console themselves with the thought that, even if they don't get engagement rings, the wedding ring will put matters all right. But then, every engaged girl does not get married; therefore, to be on the safe side, it's best to have a ring—it's better to have that left on one's hand to show for a love affair than nothing, if the engagement fizzles out.

It is a strange thing that, when a young man sets out to buy an engagement ring, he usually studies his own tastes—he may like (presuming him to be fairly well off) diamonds and sapphires, and he therefore purchases a ring so adorned to present to his lady-love.

Now, it may chance that she hates sapphires, she won't hate the diamonds, but is very fond of rubies. Well, why can't young men make sure of their sweethearts' likes and dislikes in such a matter before they buy engagement rings?

Incidentally, when on this point, there is really no engagement ring to equal the diamond and sapphire; that is the most perfect of all rings, and it's few girls who will choose rubies in preference to sapphires.

In giving an engagement ring, one very important point has to be kept in mind—the man's position, and the girl's. I knew a poor law clerk who gave his innamorata a very handsome diamond ring, costing fifty pounds. That was a great mistake. A £3 ring would have done equally as well.

By Our Heart Specialist.

If the girl is in a very modest position in society the ring should not be of a flashy type, but as simple as possible. Some foolish young men think that a girl, no matter her position, is entitled to as expensive a ring as can be afforded. Well, a girl may perhaps be entitled to such a thing, but it is quite wrong to suppose that she would have it.

A man with £200 per annum may certainly spend £6 or £10 on an engagement ring, but, say, a poor clerk, should not dream of giving more than 30s. or 40s. for one, presuming him to have perhaps 30s. per week. And, by the way, one can get a very respectable engagement ring for £2 or so in these times; it's really quite wonderful what can be turned out at that figure.

I have heard of young women who took their engagement rings to a jeweller to be valued. One girl, really a friend of my own, got a considerable surprise in this direction. She got a beautiful ring from her lover, a ring, by the way, which the young man's mother had thoughtfully bought for the occasion.

Yes, she got the ring valued, and her shock was great, on hearing what it was worth—3s. 6d. The ring was a mere fake, but it caused trouble between mother and son. There is a moral here for young men, not difficult to discover.

In truth, however, the girl who takes her ring to be valued is beneath contempt, and if a young man finds his sweetheart guilty of such a thing, he should drop her like a live coal, for a girl like that would only bring trouble into his life.



Cricket for the Blind.

THE majority of cricket enthusiasts find our great national game sufficiently difficult to excel in with all their senses intact; in fact, the chief attribute one must possess to become proficient at cricket is keen eyesight, yet a match between two elevens entirely composed of people who are absolutely blind is by no means an infrequent occurrence in the grounds of the Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood.

It seems strange to see the blind fieldsmen in their proper positions, stopping the ball as it is hit in their direction, and quickly giving chase when the sphere has passed out of reach; but perhaps the most wonderful of all the marvellous actions of these poor blind people is the accuracy shown by the batsmen, who time the ball exceedingly well, and seem to cut and drive in really excellent style.

Doubtless, constant practice is, to a great extent, responsible for the prowess of these blind cricketers, games being played every day throughout the season.

The ground on which they play is beautifully situated, within a few minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, attached to the Normal College for the Blind, of which Dr. Campbell, himself sightless, is the principal.

Of course, it would be impossible for the greatest cricketer in the world to play the game under ordinary conditions without sight; but the methods used at Norwood are specially adapted to the sightless.

In the first place there is a small bell attached to the stumps, which the wicket-keeper rings to direct the bowler before the delivery of each ball.

The ball, which is hollow, and contains another small bell, is then bowled with remarkable precision in the direction of the stumps, the batsman relying

on his hearing to locate its position and strike. So well trained is the hearing of these players that they know when to play forward, cut, and even hit to leg.

The same little bell warns the fielders of the ball's approach, the wicket-keeper again ringing his bell in order that they may throw in properly.

Cricket is regularly played at most of our lunatic asylums, although, in the majority of cases, it may be particularly for the amusement and exercise of the doctors and keepers.

This was not the case, however, in a match a few years ago on the cricket ground of the Valkenberg Lunatic Asylum, a few miles from Cape Town.

Dr. Dodds, the doctor in charge, got together a very strong scratch team, composed principally of Cape Town and Western Province players, to battle with the asylum eleven, which only included two doctors and two keepers, the remaining seven being idiots.

Strange to say, this game resulted in favour of the side which included the half-witted, the dismissal of the sane eleven being more or less brought about by nervousness.

It was interesting to study the face of each batsman as he went to the wicket and took his guard. He was eager to find out who were the doctors and keepers, and who were the lunatics; but not knowing if the umpires were sane, there were vast difficulties in the way of ascertaining this fact.

In this particular game the asylum team possessed a fast bowler, who took a very long run, and whose eyes seemed to have an ugly glare in them as he delivered the ball. This man took nearly all the wickets, not so much on account of his excellence in bowling as the nervousness displayed by the batsmen when they became aware of the mad look in his eyes.

Playing the Summer Game Under Peculiar Conditions.

To the amusement of all, it was explained by Dr. Dodds at the conclusion of the game that the "idiot" who had frightened the batsmen was a keeper who had been born with a decided squint.

Perhaps one of the strangest matches ever played was to settle a bet between two publicans in Sussex. Of course, "single wicket" had to be played, each man being allowed a wicket-keeper and one fieldsmen. The two players, being somewhat portly, had agreed to play only one innings each, five minutes' interval to be taken after the fall of the first batsman's wicket.

After about an hour's play in the broiling sun, Bowditch, the first batsman, having scored ten runs, was bowled by Wagstaffe, to the intense joy of the latter's supporters.

Wagstaffe immediately made a dash for the inn, the sun having helped to increase a naturally great thirst.

The stipulated five minutes slipped by and Bowditch, scenting victory, claimed the match unless Wagstaffe proceeded with the game. The mere thought of this so upset the latter, that he told the bowler to go and bowl at the wickets if he liked.

Ten minutes later the batsman left the inn, and made his way to the cricket ground, just in time to hear a great shout of joy, and receive the congratulations of his supporters.

"You've won, Waggy, old boy," yelled the crowd.

"How so?" inquired Wagstaffe. "He scored ten runs, and I haven't been in to bat yet."

"That's all right, old chap," interrupted the umpire. "You gave him permission to bowl at the stumps until you were ready; but you see, he's bowled eleven wickets, so you've won."

A few Items of Fact that will
Interest You.

Picked Pars.

Marsipan Menu Cards.

Edible menu cards are among the latest novelties. Made of almond paste, they have the list of dishes written on them in pink piping. The marsipan menu card is sure to be in demand.

By-Law for Dogs.

"Dogs must not bark while trotting along the sea front," is an order issued by the council of Hunstanton, Norfolk. The council has instructed the beach officer to make the dogs conform to the rule.

A Centenarian's Chair.

A curious chair stands at one of the entrances to the citadel of Cairo. It was placed there for the gatekeeper, who died aged 125. It bears an inscription, "Only he who by the favour of God has lived a hundred years may sit here."

A Legacy to a Newspaper.

People in England, when making their wills, do not "remember" their favourite newspaper. An Italian lady has set an example; she has left a legacy of £800 to a journal "in recognition of my gratitude for having been so often entertained by it."

In the Cold North.

The mosquito is most common within and about the Arctic Circle. On coasting trips to the North Cape vessels are sometimes invaded by maddening swarms at every stopping-place. In Alaska they are said to form clouds so dense that it is impossible for sportsmen to aim at objects beyond, while native dogs are sometimes killed by them.

Haymakers Scarce.

Women and boys are being employed in the hay-making in West Norfolk because men are so scarce.

Phenomenal Hailstones.

Hailstones as big as oranges have smashed in the roofs of houses at Valencia, Spain, and a child was killed and fifty persons injured.

Trip by Traction Engine.

Members of the Wimborne corps of the Salvation Army took their annual "outing" in large trucks drawn by a gaily bedecked traction engine.

Raid by Essex Foxes.

Poultry keepers in Mid-Essex are complaining about depredations by foxes. At Leigh a fox crept up in the daytime and carried off a plump hen while a farmer was throwing her some corn.

A Gift to the Crown Prince of Norway.

Miss Musgrove, an Englishwoman, has made the Crown Prince Olaf a present of a beautiful little island near Hardanger Fjord, on the west coast of Norway. The island has a natural harbour, and some fine shooting and fishing.

The Lepers' Gift.

The terrible misfortunes which befall the city of San Francisco touched the hearts of even the poor lepers at Molokai, the scene of Father Damien's heroic labours. They determined to show their sympathy with the citizens of San Francisco, and collected about £40 and dispatched it to the Relief Fund. The donation moved the hearts of the people to whom it was sent more than any other gift.

An Egg-Eating Snake.

There is a curious snake (Hydras yeti) in South Africa that lives wholly upon birds' eggs. It has no teeth or signs of teeth in the mouth, the whole dental array being located in the stomach.

Sanitary Testaments.

Attention was drawn at Middlesex Sessions recently to a supply of New Testaments for administering the oath. The covers were of white washable material and the ushers were provided with cloths to keep the books clean.

Guarding the Rockefeller Baby.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, jun., are reported to be so afraid that their baby son, "John D. Rockefeller III.," will be kidnapped that they have employed eight guards to repel intruders from their country house at Beverley Farms, Massachusetts, where the Rockefeller family is sojourning. A photographer sent by a newspaper attempted to take a snapshot of the Rockefeller baby, when the father appeared with three guards, who drove the photographer pell-mell from the grounds, and destroyed his camera.

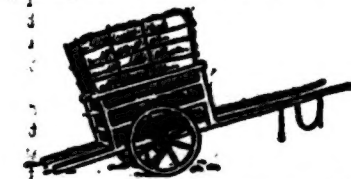
Wanted, a National Anthem.

A new society has been formed in Melbourne. Its objects are: To cultivate a national spirit within the Commonwealth, to imbue the people with self-reliance, to foster local industries, to consume and wear local productions, to conserve the purity of the British race, to speak no ill of Australia, but "to believe in her first and last." The society proposes offering a prize for the best Australian National Anthem, which, it is hoped, will be sung at all public gatherings after "God Save the King."

Picture Pars.

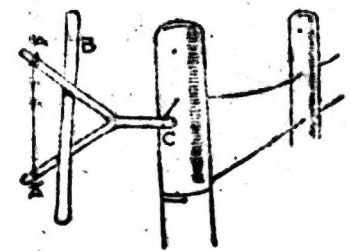
A HANDY KIND OF CART.

In Ireland, behind the peat man's cart, there are projecting rods, similar to, but not quite so long as, the shafts, which allow the cart to be tilted backwards a little way without causing the load to shift. By this means, too, the horse can be released from the load at the will of the "log man," when the journey is finished, or when the horses are changed. Green twigs are fastened around the top part of the load to keep the blocks of peat from falling off.



FOR TIGHTENING THE WIRES.

This contrivance consists of a fork cut from a tree. A hole is bored in the short straight end C, through which the wire is passed and fastened. A piece of wood is then placed between the prongs of the fork A A, and the fork is turned around, winding the wire as it is turned. This method of tightening wire is largely used in Australia, in preference to the more expensive and complicated ways. It is surprising the strain that can be put on wire with this strainer.



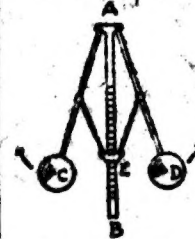
HOW TO BIND A BAT.

When binding a cricket bat, the finish is sometimes a nuisance unless you know how to do it. About 1/2 inch and a half from the end, place a piece of string, with a loop, along the handle, and go on binding over it. When finished pass the end of the binding through the loop, pull the string up tight, and thereby draw the end of the binding under the originally bound part.



THE "GOVERNOR" OF AN ENGINE.

The object of the "governor" is to make the engine, to a great extent, regulate its own speed; so that it shall neither be pulled up altogether, by a sudden increase of work, nor "race" when any part of its work is suddenly removed. It consists essentially of a spindle or upright rod, marked A B in the sketch, with a sliding washer (B) fixed on it. Two levers are pivoted on a pin at the top of the spindle, and at the lower end of each is fixed a heavy cast-iron ball (C D). When the engine is running at its proper speed, the balls revolve with the spindle. If that speed be increased the centrifugal force causes them to fly outward, and consequently upward; and if it be decreased they fall downwards toward the centre. These upward and downward movements, by an ingenious contrivance, regulate the amount of steam that is permitted to enter the engine, and thus keep it going at an even pace.



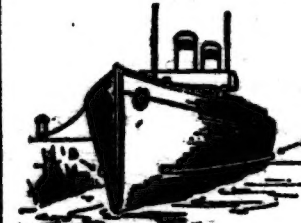
TO PREVENT CHIMNEYS FROM SMOKING.

HAVE you ever noticed on some chimney stacks the accompanying "cow" fixed to one or more chimney pots. It is to prevent chimneys from smoking, and is a very simple method. The arrow on the top acts like a weather-cock, so that when the wind blows it causes the "cow" to turn its back to the wind and allow the smoke free access, and so prevents any down-draught, thus doing away with smoky rooms.



ROLLING CHOCKS.

When a ship is without cargo, and consequently drawing little water, the casual observer will easily see the two projecting bands running within a few feet of the stem along the ship's sides, and terminating close to her stern. These bands are called "rolling chocks," and serve a double purpose. While loading is in progress they act as "fenders," and prevent the paint from getting scraped while the ship is moored to the wharf. But their principal use is when the ship is loaded and ready for sea—they are then almost touching the surface of the water, and when heavy seas are met with, which make the ship roll, the chocks act as brakes, and keep the ship much steadier than if they were not there.



What Famous People are Saying.

Mr. Clement Shorter on Modern Literature.

The best literature of our day is not in fiction. It is in poetry, in biography, in history, and in criticism.

Lady Violet Greville on Woman's Influence.

Woman needs no kingdom; for all the world is her kingdom. Kings and princes, the rich and the poor, bow to her, and her influence is able to remove mountains. Here men are the inferiors, and women reign supreme.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., on Army Reform.

We have to get away from the idea of the army as a social institution. The commissioned officer will have to be an enthusiastic professional soldier, able to live adequately upon his soldier's pay, and devoting himself exclusively to the perfection of his knowledge and powers as a soldier.

Mr. Filson Young on Railway Officials.

The men employed in working the main-line express of England, whether as engine-men, signal-men, guards, surface-men, or the hosts of even less conspicuous helpers and officials, if they could be collected together in one regiment, would probably represent all that is best in intelligence, responsibility, honour, and efficiency of human life devoted to bodily labour in this world. They are the results of a long system of promotion and selection by merit; no quality save that of merit, and actual fitness for the duty proposed, can avail a man anything in that world.

Lord Kingsburgh on a Woman's Glance.

There is more to be had in the way of inspiration and instruction in the glance of a lady's eye than in all the wireless telegraphy ever invented.

Mr. W. J. Bryan on a Reputation for Humour.

I am no humorist, and I do not want to be regarded as such. If a public man gets a reputation for humour, there is a danger that he will never be taken seriously.

Dr. Philip Bookhyer on the Health Campaign.

We should discourage the use of carpets in houses, forbid the shaking of mats and carpets outside the house, encourage the burning of all house refuse, and pursue a vigorous campaign against the factory smoke nuisance.

Lord Roberts on Citizenship.

I strongly urge the recognition by the country of the first duty of citizenship, namely, military training, in order that every able-bodied man might be able to take his part in the defence of the Empire in the event of any great national emergency.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton on the Power of Appreciation.

It is not the man of pleasure who has pleasure; it is not the man of the world who appreciates the world. The man who has learnt to do all conventional things perfectly has at the same time learnt to do them prosaically.

Bright Paragraphs by Bright People.

Mr. George Meredith on the Duma.

It is the heart of England that speaks to the Russian people now, all parties uniting in the hope that the Duma may hold firm for liberty and, in despite of venacious obstruction, steer clear of excess; thus giving proof to the Tsar that he may trust the destinies of his Empire to their counsels.

Mr. Asquith on the British Empire.

The British Empire has done more than any other nation in the world to reconcile imperial with local sentiment. The secret of our success is very simple. It is, that in the mother country we have had the wisdom to grant autonomy to each new state; but what we gave to others, we have retained for ourselves.

Mr. Max Beerbohm on the Languishing Theatre.

I do not think any one will deny that what the playgoing public likes best of all is something akin to the art of the music-hall. Yet I am told on good authority that even musical comedy has been, on the whole, languishing. I believe that the only way to revive public interest in the metropolitan theatres would be to demolish (say) two-thirds of them. The theatrical game, as played at present, is up. It continues only as a survival. Within a few years, quite two-thirds of the theatres will be untenanted. In most cases, there will have been the usual desperate effort to convert them into music-halls.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page.
Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

What Socialism really is.

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

[Mr. Blatchford is a remarkable man, and has had a remarkable career. The son of theatrical parents, he was, in his own words, educated "nowhere," served his apprenticeship at brushmaking, but did not follow it, instead joining the Dublin Fusiliers, which he left as sergeant.

After a spell as a clerk he joined the staff of *BELL'S LIVES*, and to-day, as Editor of *THE CLARION*, he wields an immense influence over the working classes, and, as a terse, pungent, and lucid writer his admirable style commands the admiration of even those critics who dissent most strongly from Mr. Blatchford's views.

He is the author of such Socialistic works as "Merrie England," "Dismal England," and "Britain for the British." But he can also write in lighter vein, and his soldier stories, such as "Tales for the Marines," are alive with rollicking humour. Indeed, Sir Evelyn Wood declared one of these "Tales"—"The Scrumptious Girl"—to be the best soldier story he had ever read. Mr. Blatchford is a thoroughly good fellow, who wishes no personal harm to anyone—not even a landlord.]

HALF our time, as champions of Socialism, is wasted in denials of false descriptions of Socialism; and, to a large extent, the anger, the ridicule, and the argument of the opponents of Socialism are hurled against a Socialism which has no existence, except in their own heated minds.

And what have they told you? Let us take their commonest statements and see what they are made of.

They say that Socialists want to get up a revolution, to turn the country upside down by force, to seize all property, and to divide it equally amongst the whole people.

SOCIALISM DOES NOT FAVOUR REVOLUTION

We will take these charges one at a time.
As to *Revolution*. I think I shall be right if I say that not one Socialist in fifty, at this day, expects or wishes to get Socialism by force of arms.

In the early days of Socialism, when there were very few Socialists, and some of those rash, or angry men, it may have been true that Socialism implied revolution and violence.

But to-day there are very few Socialists who believe in brute force, or who think a revolution possible or desirable.

But there is another kind of revolution from which we hope great things. This is a revolution of thought.

Let us once get the people, or a big majority of the people, to understand Socialism, to believe in Socialism, and to work for Socialism, and the real revolution is accomplished.

Our real task is to win the trust and help of the people (I don't mean only what are commonly called the working classes, but the British people), and the first thing to be done is to educate them—to teach them and tell them what we mean, to make quite clear to them what Socialism is, and what it is not.

One of the things it is not, is British imitation of the French revolution. Our method is persuasion, our cause is justice, our weapons are the tongue and the pen.

Next: As to seizing the wealth of the country and sharing it out amongst the people. First, we do not propose to seize anything. We do propose to get some things—the land, for instance—and to make them the property of the whole nation; but we mean that to be done by Act of Parliament and by purchase.

Second: We have no idea of "sharing out" the land, nor the railways, nor the money, nor any other kind of wealth or property, equally amongst the people. To share these things out—if they could be shared out, which they could not be—would be to make them private property, whereas we want them to be public property, the property of the British nation.

Socialists do not, as non-Socialists are always declaring, want to make all men equal in possessions.

ATHEISM IS NO PART OF SOCIALISM.

Another charge against Socialists is that they are Atheists, whose aim is to destroy all religion and all morality.

This is not true. It is true that some Socialists are Agnostics and some are Atheists. But Atheism is no more a part of Socialism than it is a part of Toryism, or of Radicalism, or of Liberalism.

Socialism does not touch religion at any point. It deals with laws and with industrial and political government.

It is not sense to say that because some Atheists are Socialists, that all Socialists are Atheists.

Christ's teaching is often said to be socialistic. It is not socialistic, but it is communistic, and Communism is the most advanced form of the policy generally known as Socialism.

The charge of *Immorality* is absurd. Socialists

life, to abolish marriage, to take the children from their parents, and to establish Free Love.

Now, I say of this charge, as I have said of the others, that there may be some Socialists in favour of free love, just as there are some Socialists in favour of revolution, and some who are not Christians; but I say also that a big majority of Socialists are not in favour of free love, and that, in any case, free love is no more a part of Socialism than it is a part of Toryism or of Liberalism.

It is not sense to say, because some Free Lovers are Socialists, that all Socialists are Free Lovers.

I believe there is not one English Socialist in a hundred who would vote for doing away with marriage, or for handing over the children to the State.

I, for one, would see the State farther before I would part with a child of mine. And I think you will generally find that those who are really anxious to have all children given up to the State are men and women who have no children of their own. Now, I submit that a childless man is not the right man to make laws about children.

NOT A DREAM OF STAINED-GLASS ANGELS.

To sum up: Socialism does not consist in violently seizing upon the property of the rich and sharing it out amongst the poor. Socialism is not a wild dream of a happy land where the apples will drop off the trees into our open mouths, the fish come out of the rivers and fry themselves for dinner, and the looms turn out ready-made suits of velvet with golden buttons without the trouble of coaling the engine.

Neither is it a dream of a nation of stained-glass angels, who never say damn, who always love their neighbours better than themselves, and who never need to work unless they wish to. And now, having told you what Socialism is not, let me tell you what Socialism is.

There is more than one kind of Socialism, for we hear of State Socialism, of Practical Socialism, of Communal Socialism; and these kinds differ from each other, they are not all Socialism.

Equally amongst the Socialists are many minds: there are parsons, Atheists, labourers, employers, men of peace, and men of force. These men differ on many points, but they all agree upon one point.

Now, this point on which men of different views agree is called a *principle*.

A principle is a main idea, or main thought. It is like the keelson of a ship, or the backbone of a fish—it is the foundation on which the thing is built.

Thus, the principle of trade unionism is "combination."

Now here in plain words is the principle, or root idea, on which all Socialists agree:

That the country, and all the machinery of production in the country, shall belong to the whole people (the nation), and shall be used by the people and for the people.

THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

That "principle," the root idea of Socialism, means two things:

1. That the land and all the machines, tools, and buildings used in making needful things, together with all the canals, rivers, roads, railways, ships, and trains used in moving, sharing (distributing) needful things, and all the shops, markets, scales, weights, and money used in selling or dividing needful things, shall be the property of (belong to) the whole people (the nation).

2. That the land, tools, machines, trains, rivers, shops, scales, money, and all the other things belonging to the people, shall be worked, managed, divided, and used by the whole people in such a way as the greater number of the whole people shall deem best.

Now, this may sound too like an extract from a legal document to bring illumination to your mind, so I will endeavour to show exactly what the carrying into effect of the "principle" of Socialism would mean.

You know that to-day most of the land in Britain belongs to landlords.

Socialists (all Socialists) say that all the land should belong to the British people, to the nation.

You know that the railways belong to railway companies, who carry goods and passengers, and charge fares and rates, to make profit.

Socialists all say that the railways should be bought by the people. Some say that fares should be charged, some that the railways should be free, but all agree that any profit made by the railways should belong to the whole nation. Just as do the profits now made by the Post Office and the telegraphs.

You know that cotton mills, coal mines, and breweries now belong to rich men, or to companies, who sell the calico, the coal, or the beer for profit.

Socialists say that all mines, mills, breweries, shops, works, ships, and farms should belong to the whole people, and should be managed by persons chosen by the people or chosen by officials elected by the people.

demand a higher morality than any now to be found. They demand perfect honesty.

Another charge against Socialists is the charge of desiring *Free Love*.

Socialists, it has been said, want to destroy home

Some Socialists would give the goods to the people, some would sell them; but all agree that any profit on such sales should belong to the whole people—just as any profit made on the sale of gas by the Manchester Corporation goes to the credit of the City. To-day, the nation owns some things; under Socialism the nation would own all things.

To-day, the Government, for the nation, manages the Post Office and telegraphs, makes some of the clothes and food and arms for the Army and Navy, builds some of the warships, and oversees the Church, the prisons, and the schools.

Socialists want the nation to own all the buildings, factories, lands, rivers, ships, schools, machines, and goods, and to manage all their business and work, and to buy and sell, and make and use all goods for themselves.

Socialism in four words means:

BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH.

Non-Socialism means: Every Briton for himself, and de'il take the hindmost.

Yet, do not think that Socialists want to destroy personal endeavour, to make all men equal in strength and brains—it can't be done.

Socialists want every man to have work and to work according to the best of his ability. But they want the worker's brains and strength to be used for the benefit of all, and not, as at present, for the benefit of the few.

Under Socialism, every man would have to work, and the sole criterion of his worth would be his productive value to the nation.

And now I tell you that is Socialism, and I ask you what is there in it to prevent any man from being a Christian, or from attending a place of worship, or from marrying, or being faithful to his wife, or from keeping and bringing up his children at home.

There is nothing in it to destroy religion, and there is nothing in it to destroy the home.

But there is something in it to shut up the gaols, to reduce crime and drunkenness, and wipe out for ever the sweeter and the slums, the beggars and the idle rich, the useless fine ladies and lords, and to make it possible for sober and willing workers to live healthy and happy and honourable lives.

For Socialism would teach and train all children wisely; it would foster genius and devotion to the common good; it would kill scamping and loafing and jerryandering; it would give us better health, better homes, better work, better food, better lives, and better men and women.

Postscriptum.—Within the limits of an article like this, I have necessarily had to confine myself to bare statements of fact, and I have not dealt with many important side-issues. I would venture to refer those who desire fuller information about the working Socialism, and to whom this exposition of its principles and aims may have come as a surprise, to such works as "To-day's Work," by George Haw; "Does Municipal Management Pay," by R. B. Guthers; "Land Nationalisation," by A. R. Wallace; "Fields, Factories and Workshops," by Prince Kropotkin; the works of Henry George and F. D. Maurice, and, perhaps I may add, to those little books of mine own which the Editor has been kind enough to mention in his introduction.

R. Blatchford

NATIVE: "Yes, that's where the lighthouse stood, but the big storm in the autumn swept it down."

Easter Visitor: "I don't wonder. It was foolish of them to build it in such an exposed place."

SHE: "When are you going to give me the money to buy that new dress?"

He: "Next week."

She: "That's what you said last week."

He: "Yes, and that's what I say now, and am going to say next week. I ain't the kind of man to say one thing one week and another thing next week."

"THE MAN BEHIND."

Mr. Miggs was distinctly a nervous man, and when on his lonely homeward way he heard the echoing pad-pad of following footsteps, dim visions of hooligans, blackmailers, and garroters coursed through his brain.

The faster he went, the more the man behind increased his speed, and though he took the most roundabout and devious course he could devise, still his tracker followed in his footsteps.

At last he turned into a churchyard. "If he follows me here," he mused, "there can be no doubt about his intentions."

The man behind did follow him, and, quivering with rage and fear, Mr. Miggs turned and confronted him.

"What the dickens do you want?" he queried. "Why are you following me?"

"Do you always go home like this?" said the stranger, "or are you giving yourself a treat to-night? I'm going up to Mr. Brown's, and the porter at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse me asking, but are you going home at all to-night?"

My Notebook.

A Chance for Would-be Authors.

Pearson's Weekly to send in to him any interesting stories they may write.

The editor, Mr. Percy W. Everett, is a man after my own heart. He has a very human side. He neither reads nor writes nor acts from the top of his pedestal. He does not want things handed up to him. He comes down for them. He even goes out searching for them.

Mr. Everett's latest idea is to devote several pages of the *New Magazine* to the works of writers who have never published anything before. That's a good idea. It's a good idea of his, also, to give good advice to young authors, and those who want to be authors.

The trouble with the young author is that he never has a plot beyond moated granges and revolvers, and moans sinking behind dark clouds. He loves these shudders. He loves them so much that wise and experienced editors always send them back to him, so that he can keep them in the original.

Mr. Everett really wants to encourage young authors. But he wants them to do something quite original. He doesn't altogether know what to suggest himself, and that is where I came to his rescue. I am going to give you two plots to work on—two human documents—two genuine tragedies. Here are just the bare outlines. You must put them into story form yourself.

PLOT 1. On the 9th of July, 1861, the wife of Long-fellow, the poet, was sitting in his library with her two little girls. She had just cut off some of their curls to send to friends. She was putting these into envelopes and sealing them, when she dropped a lighted match on the floor. In a second her thin summer dress was in flames. She died the next day. Three days later she was buried at Mount Auburn—on the anniversary of her marriage day. Before the coffin was screwed down someone placed a wreath of orange blossoms over her head. Longfellow himself did not attend the funeral. He had burnt himself severely about the hands, and his system had received a great shock when he rushed to save his wife. A friend came to the bedside of this stricken, white-haired old man, and implored him, tenderly, to bear his cross with patience. He said, "Bear the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it!"

PLOT 2. Phillip Bourke Marston was also a poet. He is known in latter day English literature as "the blind poet." He was one of the first users of the typewriter in this country. Because he was blind he learnt to use the typewriter, which was easier and more legible than penmanship. One morning he sat down and commenced a great story. He worked at it the whole day and well into the night. Page after page he placed in the machine and removed, as the sentences came from his fingers and brain. He felt light-hearted, and even merry, because he knew he had done the finest thing of his life. Then he groped his slow way into another room, and called a friend to collect his sheets of manuscript and read them to him, that he might correct them. Alas, every page was blank! He had taken out a worn inked ribbon and had forgotten to put in a new one. He had written and lost a masterpiece. It killed him.

Here are two original plots—the plots that editors want. They are the plots that make classics in literature. Try what you can do with them. Do not let them exceed three thousand words, the less the better, and send them to the editor of the *New Magazine* not later than the first of October, marking your envelope "Plot." He will pay five guineas for each of the best stories woven round these incidents, and will print the winning stories in his Christmas number.

Try to Get a Sense of Humour.

spirit, but to be a good and ready story-teller.

It is difficult to interest a graven image. But if you can make a four-inch smile spread across a man's face, you are half-way towards convincing him. Anyhow, you have got him into the right mood to be convinced.

They understand this in the United States. A well-known American politician has lately been on a visit to this country. After dinner at a friend's house, the other night, he told a string of good new stories. His host said to him, "How did you get hold of all these things? I never heard one of them before." "Very likely," said the American, "I am glad they appeal to you. As a

matter of fact I make them myself. Over in my country if a speaker is to be successful he must not be dry. He must be a good story-teller. He must amuse his audience and ridicule his opponent. I spend a good deal of time thinking out new stories."

Let me now tell you of an incident that bears out this statement.

When Abraham Lincoln began his political life his neighbours proposed that he should run for the Legislature. He accepted the nomination and began a campaign. He went to the village in Illinois where his opponent lived. As he entered the town the rival candidate's house was pointed out to him. There was a spike of iron sticking up on the top of it, and Lincoln asked what it was. He had never seen a lightning rod out in the backwoods and didn't know what it meant.

He was told it was a lightning rod put up to protect the house from being struck by lightning. Lincoln sat quiet and the party drove on to the meeting house. There his opponent made a great, hard, dry, speech. He asked his hearers if they were going to throw him over, their trusty and tried representative, for an unheard-of man, somebody who nobody knew, a youth of no experience.

Lincoln rose to reply—a tall, gaunt, awkward, uncouth fellow—and in his maiden speech said: "Neighbours and friends, I acknowledge that you don't know much about me here. I have never had many opportunities, and I am not much known to the people of this section; but I thank God that I have never led such a life in this community that I have got to put lightning rods on my house to protect me from the righteous vengeance of the Almighty, as my opponent has had to do."

Lincoln won.

The Kind of Thief I am.

In a recent "Notebook" I asked this question:—If ten thousand pounds in sovereigns were placed in a box, and you had access to that box and could take the money or some of it, knowing it belonged to somebody, without being discovered and without fear of detection, would you take any or all, and why? What would you really do under the circumstances?

I have been astonished at the number of replies received. I have been even more astonished in reviewing the differences of opinion. The replies have really been an interesting study. Let me first try to analyse them. One-half of my correspondents would not touch this money under any circumstances. Some would starve first. Most of them have a conscience. I am confronted with texts out of the Bible. Indeed, I am occasionally abused, and very much abused, by a clergyman who says he is "broad-minded," for daring to put this question at all. In looking carefully over this half of the replies I am sorry to say that I fail to find anything human. I find intolerance of thought and exaggeration of originality. Generally, these readers have said, "This money isn't mine. I won't touch it." They let their replies go at that.

The other half have treated this subject more intelligently. It was a difficult problem I set, and ought to have been treated as such. It ought not to have been dismissed lightly, but treated as a great social puzzle. Here was a box of gold left deserted. If you read my problem again you will find it was just as much deserted as a box of biscuits on Robinson Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez. And you, the new Crusoe, came across it. You did not know the owner. You did not know how it came into its present place. To that extent you were innocent. You had clean hands. It was simply treasure-trove to you.

Take another illustration: A box of ten thousand sovereigns is a big thing. It couldn't drop through a hole in a trouser pocket in the same way that a three-penny piece might. This box must have been deposited where you found it. It was left in the same way that deserted tables are left—to be found. The owner set no store by it.

And so if you ask me what I would do under such circumstances I would take the whole box of ten thousand sovereigns. That may scandalise you; but wait a bit. I, too, have something like a conscience, and I am really very human. I would treat that box of gold just as I would treat a baby found under the same conditions. I would look after it—I would really, and I would take it home to start with. I wouldn't take it to a police station or a foundling hospital. I'm not built that way.

But I would begin to advertise for the missing owner, or the man who allowed it to be taken from him, and I would want undisputed proof and compensation. And I would word the advertisements in my own way to suit my own really genuine purpose. And if, after a certain time, no claimant came forward, I would hang on to that baby just as I would hang on to that box of gold. I am that kind of Christian, and I'm that kind of thief.

So much for one side of the question. There is another and more important side to consider. On that hinges the whole question of honesty.

I would not take a penny piece of this money if I had been momentarily left alone with it. I wouldn't do that any more than I would electrocute an inoffensive Chinaman, even if I could do it when he was ten thousand miles away, and as simply as switching on an electric light. If I thought that I would kill a human being by striking a match I would use a spill when I lit my pipe. I am that kind of Christian, too.

If I found this money in your back garden I would draw your attention to it. If I found it in an empty house I would take the lot. If a policeman stopped me between the empty house and my own house I would be labelled "Thief" because no one would believe I intended to try and find the owner.

It is that possibility—the policeman—that keeps many of us from reaching out. We don't always get a chance to act as we would. We are forced to act as we must.

Are You a Poet?

Did you ever compose a "nonsense verse" or a "Limerick"? Here is one as a sample:

There was a young lady named Kent,
Who always said just what she meant;
People said, "She's a dear,
But unique, so sincere"—
So they shunned her by common consent.

Please send me in Limericks on postcards only. You can make them on persons, places, or things. I don't care which. Two prizes of half a guinea each for the best, and no doubt some consolation prizes also. Do it now. Anyway, before August 8th next.

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook).

WOULD YOU STEAL THE CASH?

Some More Answers to Mr. Notebook's Question.

If £10,000 were in a box, and I could take all or any, would I? Yes, all—including the box. Withdrawn from circulation, what good are sovereigns in a box? The presumed owner can handle them, count them, gaze at them; but in what way are these little counters carrying out their "destiny"? The superiority of the spendthrift over the miser is that he keeps the ball rolling, and I, a spendthrift perhaps, would jump at the chance to put £10,000 into circulation.—L. W.

To a man living in the fear of God, the £10,000 would be as safe on December 31st as they were on the previous New Year's Day. It would not be the fear of discovery or that it belonged to "somebody," but the fact would be "it is not mine."—C. H.

If the man to whom the money belongs were foolish enough to leave it so that I could take it without him knowing, that would be his own fault for not keeping a more strict account of his own. I should certainly take the money and use it for my own interests, thus reaping the benefits which are his by right, but owing to his foolishness are mine.—E. W.

Whatever use was made of money so acquired, the thought that it was obtained by theft would, in old age, cause many heart-burnings. Most of us, I believe, cherish the hope that at the last it may be said of us as of another: "He was the noblest of us all," and would therefore keep our hands from picking and stealing.—H. J.

The fact that I could take the money without fear of detection conclusively proves that the owner is in no need of it, or why doesn't he look after it? And under these circumstances I wouldn't have the slightest hesitation in using as much of it as I wanted.—E. W. H.

Not any. Why? Because it would not do me any good. "It is not yours to spend," it would seem to say to me every time I looked at it. I know that life would not have the same pleasure for me in spending someone else's £10,000 as in spending my own honestly-earned pence. Why? Well, in just five words—because I have a conscience.—A. W.

I should certainly annex the entire sum, feeling assured that even if I lost the £10,000 in business transaction I had contributed more to the world than he who had provided that opportunity without which there would be nothing.—E. D.

I would not take any of the money, because money obtained at the cost of character is bought too dearly. Whether we are found out or not has nothing to do with the question. "To thine own self be true."—G. F. T.

As I am placed at the present time I should certainly take enough from the box containing £10,000 to tide me over present difficulties. No doubt the temptation to take the lot would be very great, but I should try to be honest to myself. I mean that if a man were starving he would not be honest to himself were he to starve rather than take that which may possibly relieve his suffering.—F. M.

I could not do a dash in the world, dress well, live well, entertain well, and be popular. No one would know but me. But there is the terror of it. I should know. I should lose much happiness by losing my self-respect and peace of mind. No, I would try to leave the cash alone.—NEGATIVE.

(It will be remembered that we promised not to print names and addresses. Two prizes of half a guinea each and twenty consolation gifts have been forwarded to those readers whose answers were considered to be the best.)

Keep your Cash Ticket, it may mean money in your pocket. Winning numbers published in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

Have You Ever Explored a Dene-Hole?



A Good
Many of
these are
to be found
in Essex.

An interesting statement was recently made relative to the Dene-holes. An eminent scientist had spent many weeks in them, and was lecturing upon his experiences. A short account of these remarkable excavations may prove of interest.

"Dene-holes," "Dane-holes," or "Den-holes," as they are termed in different localities, are fairly common in the South-East of England; they are also found along the valley of the Somme, in the North of France. The county of Essex abounds in "Dene-holes," and in the vicinity of Purfleet, Grays, Thurrock, and Tilbury, they are especially plentiful.

These holes are artificial excavations or pits, in the chalk formation. A deal of mystery is wrapped up in these deep caves.

Some antiquarians assert that they were used for storage purposes, especially for grain; others affirm that they were used as hiding places; still others maintain that these places were used for the purposes of obtaining flint and chalk. This latter theory may be at once dismissed, as flint and chalk can be obtained at the surface only a short distance away.

Curiously enough, little attention has been paid by scientific observers to these holes. They are very ancient, and made before the art of building was discovered. In all probability they were constructed when invisibility formed the best security from the attack of enemies.

"Dene-holes" are in nearly every case situated not far from estuaries, and we can easily imagine that when pirates came up the tidal rivers, safety from attack was rendered possible by immediately hiding below ground.

Near Grays, in Essex, on four acres of ground no fewer than seventy-two of these holes have been discovered.

This would seem to suggest that a small tribe or community had here established their hiding and storage cellars.

Ordinary caves amongst hilly and mountainous districts generally have level or sloping entrances. "Dene-holes" differ in this respect, their entrances are vertical, descending to a depth varying from 50 to 150 feet, according to the depth of the chalk measure below.

The shafts are cylindrical, and sometimes faced with stone. They vary in width from two feet and a



This is a section of a Dene-hole showing the debris collected in hundreds of years.

half to four feet. These shafts are sunk through beds of sand and gravel.

It would appear from investigations that no definite plan was adopted by the excavators as to the shape of these underground caves. Some have three chambers, others five. The dimensions were not great, height ten to twenty feet, width ten to twenty feet, length fifteen to thirty feet.

Any reader desirous of having a novel holiday, with a spice of adventure added to it, should spend two or

three weeks in exploring some of these "Dene-holes," preferably those not yet opened.

A strong windlass, pulley, ropes, timber, magnesium ribbon, unlimited candles, and two or three labourers, will be the necessary outfit for the undertaking. Those who have recently gone down a "Dene-hole" not before explored have found the base nearly blocked up with sand, gravel, and earth, which had fallen in during hundreds of years.

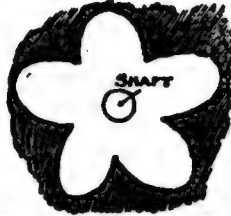
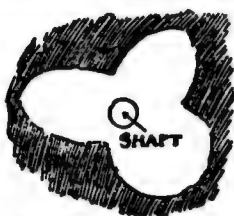
Countless bones of animals were also discovered. These were of comparatively recent times. The bones comprised those of the horse, ox, sheep, dog, fox, rabbit, cat, weasel, and rat. The remains of rabbit bones far outnumbered those of any other animal.

When all the fallen matter was hauled up to the surface, the original floor of chalk was exposed.

Only a few objects of interest were discovered: Flakes of flint, flint tools, Roman pottery, and some broken cooking utensils. The whole of the caves that have been opened have been remarkably deficient in historical remains.

The only living creatures that have been found in "Dene-holes" have been numerous bats, and spiders of enormous size.

The presence of these underground cavities is sometimes indicated by a subsidence of the ground. Quite recently at Mucking, a large hole, twenty-five feet across and twenty feet deep, has been formed in



Dene-holes are divided into three or five chambers.

the middle of a ploughed field. At Blackheath another unsuspected hole was revealed in a similar manner.

Some years ago a servant girl fell into one of these open "Dene-holes," near to the village of Witchling. The hole was partially filled up with soft sand, and she sustained no injury from the fall.

She fell in on a Sunday morning, and here she was imprisoned for fifteen days. Fortunately she had a little food with her. On this she subsisted for many days, together with a little rain water.

She was discovered in an emaciated condition; but with careful attention eventually recovered.

Owing to the number of domestic animals, such as sheep and dogs, which have been lost in the districts where "Dene-holes" are numerous, farmers are now advised by the local authorities to place fences round them.

IN THE VILLAGE.

A VILLAGE doctor, being a *locum tenens*, fond of grand phrases, told a labourer's wife to give her husband his medicine "in a recumbent position."

The woman, after the doctor's departure, went through the village trying to borrow a "recumbent position!"

And her neighbours, rather than confess their ignorance, all assured her she should have had theirs if only they had not lent or lost it!

"I see Snobson's servants wear a cockade now."

"Yes; Snobson considers that he has a right to it, as he's become a member of the Army and Navy-Store."

HAWKSHAW HOLMES: "I wish to be vaccinated."

Dispensary Surgeon: "What's your business?"

Hawkshaw Holmes: "I'm a detective."

Dispensary Surgeon: "Stand out of the line, please, and give somebody else a place. There's no danger of your ever catching anything."

AS SHE DID HERSELF.

It was little Dot's first visit to a farm, and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment at the young porkers for a moment, and then, placing her hand on her curly hair, she said, reflectively:

"Auntie!"

"Yes, dear."

"Does 'oo put all the piggies' tails in curl papers?"

A COLONEL of an infantry regiment, while inspecting his command, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a brother officer, who ran to his assistance: "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find I have fallen off."

IRISH BELLMAN: "Lost this morning, between Flannigan's public-house and High Street, a large key. It's a great sayeret what key it is, and I was told not to tell anybody that it's the key of the bank. A big reward will be paid on returning it to the bank manager."

ANIMAL MURDERERS, THIEVES, AND HIGHWAYMEN.

Many Animals Kill for the Sake of Killing.

ALL the great groups of the animal kingdom include numerous forms which are murderers by profession, though, as their object is to obtain food, a jury would probably consider them as guilty of "justifiable animalicide" only.

Such are birds and beasts of prey: crocodiles, which drown their prey under water; snakes, which swallow their victims alive; lizards and frogs, which slaughter insects, worms, and other small creatures by the thousand; cuttlefishes, which use their sucker-studded tentacles to enfold other animals in a deadly embrace; scorpions and spiders, which poison insects and suck their juices; and myriads of forms still lower in the scale, but equally remorseless.

Some of these creatures, however, when in a savage mood, not only kill for the sake of satisfying the cravings of hunger, but from mere bloodthirstiness, and this is murder pure and simple. Weasels and their kind, and also otters, furnish the best examples of this undesirable propensity.

Those unpleasant creatures known as parasites, which live on the outside, or, it may be, within other animals, take toll of the blood or juices of their victims, which may in the end die of sheer weakness, though usually their persecutors like them to remain alive as long as possible, so that they may continue to act as living larders.

Sometimes murder is deliberately planned with malice prepense in such cases, though the artful schemer is not the actual murderer, but leaves the foul deed to be perpetrated by her offspring.

This is the case with ichneumon-flies, where the female lays her eggs in some other creature, often a fat juicy caterpillar, so that the young when they hatch out are surrounded by nourishing food, commonly finishing up by reducing their unwilling host to a mere skin.

Piracy upon the high seas is the recognised profession of the Skuas, marine birds with hooked beaks, and talons to their webbed feet. These ingenious animals lie in wait for sea-gulls which have been out fishing, and chase these unfortunate birds until they disgorge their booty, which is then snapped up before it can reach the water.

If an obstinate gull refuses to do this it is often shaken by the tail till the desired end is attained.

Some of the most confirmed robbers are found among insects. Various bees are examples of this, making raids upon the honey of their relatives. Even domesticated swarms sometimes become lazy and thievish, and persistently rob their neighbours, much to the disgust of the bee-master.

The stores of honey laid up by bees and wasps also prove too great a temptation for some other insects to resist. The most interesting of these forms are the so-called "cuckoo parasites," which, guided by perverted parental love, lay eggs within the hive or nest. Here we find snugly quartered in consequence the grubs of oil-beetles, which devour the honey, and the caterpillars of certain moths, which gnaw the combs.

Food is not the only object of thievish attention, for, as is well known, ravens, jackdaws, and magpies purloin and hide all sorts of glittering objects, and in this way have often led to groundless accusations being brought against innocent human beings.

"I say, Bill, who was Benjamin Disraeli?"

"Don't you know, stupid? He was the man who invented primroses."

"AND have you had an enjoyable day's fishing, dear?" asked the fond wife, as her husband returned in the evening, and proudly displayed six trout in his basket.

"Oh, most delightful," said the gentleman. "The weather was excellent, and the water in good. ply; never had a more enjoyable day's sport in my life."

"I'm glad to hear that," replied the wife, sweetly; "it's a pity you forgot to take your line and tackle with you, though."

SHIFTING THE FLIES.

AMERICANS are very seldom done by anybody, but the following short story will clearly show that a supposed sharp Yankee was sold for once.

An Englishman, who had not long been in America, went into a hairdresser's establishment. After having his hair cut and a shave, he was dumfounded when, on asking the price, the Yankee (who had an idea that his customer was an Englishman) said his fee was half-a-crown.

John meekly paid. Brother Jonathan, when returning thanks, asked the Englishman if he knew of anything that would rid him of flies, as he was greatly troubled with them.

John replied that for five shillings he would reveal to him a sure cure. The Yankee willingly paid, and guess of his feelings when the Englishman said:

"You first procure a fly, then cut its hair and give it a shave, afterwards tell it your fee is half-a-crown, and he will never come again."

Twelve Passengers per Train.



Why Railways are not Gold Mines.

One Express Engine Burns Coal as Fast as Four Men can Mine It.

Rates and Taxes are a Heavy Drain upon the Revenue.

BRITAIN being one of the most thickly populated countries in the world, also one of the wealthiest and the busiest, it would seem that our railways ought to pay better than any others in the world.

As a matter of fact, their gross receipts are the heaviest. We have something over 22,000 miles of line open to traffic, and the average receipts are nearly £110,000,000, or about treble the average receipts per mile of American railways.

Yet dividends are not very large, and, on the whole, they do not increase. Ask a railway man why, and he shakes his head, and mutters "Working expenses." This is, broadly, the real trouble, and if you go into the matter a little, you will be astonished at the enormous outgoings from the pockets of the companies.

MOSTLY THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.

Now anyone would naturally imagine that a company which exclusively served a large town would derive an immense revenue from the passenger traffic between that town and London. But take a case in point. The Great Western has no competition in the direct route between London and Bristol. There are running at present, we believe, thirty-eight fast trains between London and Bristol, seventeen down and twenty-one up.

Last year the company held a census of passengers by these trains. A month's count revealed the fact that the average number of passengers per train from London to Bristol was twelve, and in the other direction fourteen! Of course, most of these were third class. Can anyone imagine that such traffic pays? And yet the cry is all for more frequent and more rapid services.

Look what it costs to run an express engine. It is burning coal as fast as four men can mine it. Two quarts of best oil must be used every hour to keep the journal boxes greased and everything running smoothly. It costs two shillings for every stop and start.

The wear on the rails, especially in tunnels and stations, is enormous. Even the water which is turned into steam costs a mint of money in the aggregate. The coal bill of the Great Eastern is £350,000 a year, and they pay £23,000 for water, while for oil and tallow the comfortable fortune of £28,000 goes yearly.

A PLATELAYER FOR EVERY MILE.

The cost of the permanent way is gigantic in the first place, ranging from £500,000 per mile for the Central London, down to a minimum of about £10,000, and keeping the line in repair is a perfectly terrific item. Every foot of every line is inspected daily, and big companies keep a platelayer to every mile of single line.

The London and North-Western, which is our largest and most important railway company, and which has about 2,000 miles of line, spends £2,500 a day in keeping this in proper order. Their wages bill for the permanent way is £28,000 a month.

The bridges, and signals, and station buildings all cost a mint of money to keep in proper repair, and, to again take a single example, the London and North-Western have to spend £100,000 a year in painting and £30,000 in rebuilding.

Rolling stock also requires the expenditure of great sums to keep it clean and in proper repair. The London and North-Western spend £300,000 yearly on this one item. This is not including the building of new carriages.

A first class carriage costs £800 to build, and each before being sent out to work receives no fewer than sixteen coats of paint. The total value of the rolling stock on British railways is £147,000,000, and locomotive engines, which cost at least £3,000 apiece to build, number over 23,000.

EMPLOY ONE-FOURTEENTH OF BRITAIN'S WORKERS.

The number of men employed by our railways is very rarely realised. Latest statistics give it as 575,834. If each of these has an average family of four persons besides himself, it means that about one in fourteen of the entire population of the British Isles is supported by the railway system of the country. The London and North-Western alone pays £87,000 a week in wages to its 32,335 employees.

The legal expenses of railway companies are tremendous. Not a mile of new line can be built without the sanction of Parliament, and private Bills of this kind are enormously costly.

One company in its early days spent £480,000 in

nine years in Parliamentary charges, or an average of a good deal over £1,000 a week. It is still paying interest on this sum.

A Bill brought in a few years ago for the amalgamation of the Irish railways cost £50,000, and then failed. The original law expenses of the Great Northern, when its construction was first mooted, totalled the terrific sum of just over three-quarters of a million.

A tremendous item of railway expenditure which the travelling public rarely considers is that of rates and taxes. A railway is at the mercy of every little parish which it passes through, whether it has a station there or no. The London and North-Western is now paying half a million yearly in rates and taxes, and the Great Western about the same amount. The London and South-Western paid last year £134,329, or over £11,000 more than in the previous year. The line passes through 539 parishes, so each obtained a goodly share of the spoil.

The Clapham Junction and Nine Elms property alone is assessed for rating purposes at £103,500. The companies are quite helpless in the matter. All they can do, when the rates become unbearable, is to shift their works somewhere else. There is talk of the Great Eastern being forced to leave Stratford for that reason.

FRAUDULENT CLAIMS.

Accidents are inevitable, and though they may not result in loss of life, they invariably mean much loss and damage to property. But in compensation for death or injury the various companies pay something like £300,000 yearly. Not long ago one single company had an item of £23,000 for compensation of this kind in one year.

Claims for compensation for injuries to goods are even heavier than for damages to life or limb. The total paid in this respect by the different companies is rather over £350,000 a year. And few who had no experience of such matters would believe the number of fraudulent claims which are brought against the companies. These, even if proved to be fraudulent, of course cost money to defend.

Railways also suffer heavily at the hands of thieves and swindlers of all kinds. For instance, systematic robberies having taken place from the Rugby station of the London and North-Western, an investigation was made, and over £150 worth of stolen carpets, wines, groceries, and clothes were found in the houses of four employes of the company.

REPAIRING WATERLOO.

The RAILWAY TIMES said recently that an enormous sum is annually taken out of the pockets of the railway companies by the petty pilferings of a certain section of the public, through false descriptions of consignments, by frauds in connection with excursion tickets, and also in regard to the facilities offered by the railways for forwarding passengers' luggage in advance. Furniture and domestic commodities in the way of food are thus constantly falsely sent as passengers' luggage.

Nothing has been said in this article about such immensely expensive items as the construction of new termini. The improvements and rebuilding now going on at Victoria Station will, it is said, cost the company two millions sterling before being completed. The South-Western are spending some £750,000 at Waterloo, and if the Great Eastern increase Liverpool Street, as there is talk of their doing, they will be obliged to spend hundreds of thousands in the task.

Even such comparatively small items as railway tickets and fog signals mount up enormously. The London and North-Western Railway use sixty tons of tickets a year, and on a foggy day in winter the various companies entering London use about 25,000 fog signals, which cost wholesale £3 per 100.

Taking it all in all, the wonder is that our companies can afford to carry passengers at a penny a mile, and yet succeed in paying an average dividend of 3½ per cent.

ANGRY MOTHER: "Now, Bobby, don't let me speak to you again!"

Bobby (helplessly): "How can I prevent you, mamma?"

"So Jones doesn't call his pretty little home 'The Nutshell' now? Why did he change it?"

"He's got tired of wits ringing his bell to ask if the kernel was in."

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Flitter? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?"

Flitter: "Yes, he often asks five or six times a month for it."

ANGRY FATHER-IN-LAW: "Didn't you tell me when you married my daughter that you were worth £40,000?"

Son-in-law: "No, sir; I said that I could lay my hands on £40,000; but had I done so I should now be in gaol."

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Nuts to Crack.

HE DID IT!

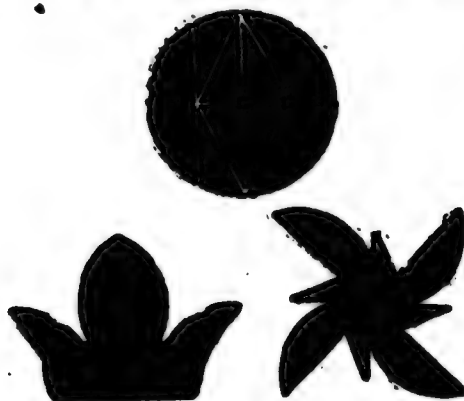
"THEY call these safety matches," said Funnyboy at his club one day, "and say that they strike only on the box. Don't believe it! I can strike them quite easily on my boot."

No sooner said than done. He took out a match, struck it on his boot, and—phiz!—it was instantly alight. The box was handed round, and match after match was struck by the bystanders on their boots, but not one of them could succeed.

"You don't give the magic touch," said Funnyboy, as he gaily struck another. How did he do it?

PATCHWORK IN CURVES.

Cut out a circular piece of cardboard or paper, and divide it as is shown in the upper diagram. Now see



whether you can put the pieces together so that they form the patterns given below. Many other patterns can be contrived with white or coloured pieces.

A CURIOUS OLD INSCRIPTION.

SEOGHE ereh wairume vahh
Lah sehs se otreh nos llebdnas
Regni freh nos gnires rohyer
Ganced tryd ale nifas esots soroy
Rub nabot es rohk co caed ir.

Can you decipher it?

A TRICKY COURSE.

THE middle of a large playground was paved with 64 square flagstones of equal size, which are numbered on this diagram from 1 to 64.

1	9	17	25	33	41	49	57
2	10	18	26	34	42	50	58
3	11	19	27	35	43	51	59
4	12	20	28	36	44	52	60
5	13	21	29	37	45	53	61
6	14	22	30	38	46	54	62
7	15	23	31	39	47	55	63
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64

One of the school-masters, who had a head for puzzles, took his stand upon the square here numbered 19, and offered a prize to any boy who, starting from the square numbered 46, could make his way to him, passing through every square once, and only once. It was after many vain attempts that the course was at last discovered. Can you work it out?

CHANGED INITIALS.

"You have tasted three worms," said the head of an Oxford College to an idle undergraduate, "and you will regret it all your life! How did you return from London?"

The culprit, who had indeed "wasted three terms," was sorely tempted to reply, "By the town drain," but pulled himself up in time and said, "By the down train."

We do not ask for solutions.
These will be found on the
last page of this paper.



WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Clatter of the Clogs," "Dolores," "The Shadow of Her Sin," "Rags and Riches," etc., etc.

"Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,
Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while?"—LAURENCE HORN.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

Frank Willoughby.—Pottery manufacturer and capitalist.
Grace Willoughby.—Wife of Frank. Though married to him for two or three years she has never been able to show that she loves him.

Dorothy Blessington.—A typist. She is an exact double of Grace. Under the impression that Grace is dead Dorothy impersonates her and wins Frank Willoughby's love.

Zoe Galbraith.—An actress in a travelling theatrical company that Grace Willoughby joins.

"The Spider."—An actor in love with Grace.

CHAPTER XXXVII. (continued).

Zoe had looked at Desmond quickly.
"I'd like to see the end of the meeting, if you'll stay, too."
"We want the right to live!" the hoarse voice shouted again.

The owner of that voice was perhaps the worst possible mouthpiece to vent the wrongs of Banley. He was a paid agitator, and had that morning had quite a good breakfast. It was necessary that he should do so for the preservation of his vocal organs.

"We want the rights to work!" he continued. "And we not only want 'em, but we means to 'ave 'em. We've waited long enough. We're not goin' to wait any longer. We've gone on and on slavin' to fill the pockets of the likes o' you, and 'aven't been able to fill the mouths of our starvin' wives and cryin' babes. We've paid for your carriages, for your mansions, for your race-horses, and your yachts, and when we've paid for 'em we've crept 'ome to our starvin' wives and cryin' babes to tell 'em there's nothin' for 'em to eat, but that they mustn't mind, 'cos the likes o' you wants a bit of somethin' extra, and it's only right for the likes o' you should 'ave it. Well—we wants this changed. We wants more money, and we wants more time to live—that's all! We wants more than a crust for our starvin' and cryin' babes—that's all! We wants our rights—we wants the rights to live!"

The raucous voice ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and shouts of approval burst from the lips of the crowd.

Frank Willoughby waited until the noise had slightly subsided, then he lifted his eyes once again to the gallery.
"Have you got a starving wife and crying babes, my friend?" he cried.

There was no answer.
"I don't think you have," Frank said, with a smile. "It's simply out of the goodness of your heart that you take all this trouble and say all these fine things."

"Don't try to shuffle out of it!" the voice cried angrily. "What I've got ain't nothin' to do with you. Shufflin' out of it won't wash with us—hanged if it will!"

Willoughby bit his lip, and a queer light shone momentarily in his eyes.

"I am not trying to shuffle out of anything—I have not the slightest intention of doing so," he said. "I have taken the trouble to inquire into and become thoroughly well acquainted with the state of things in Banley, and I own to you at once that you have much cause for complaint. As far as it lies in my own power to remedy the evil I will do so, but you must thoroughly understand that the claims you have up to now advanced are preposterous and out of the question."

He paused, expecting his words to call forth some comment, and he was not disappointed. An angry murmur swept over the throng, and the agitator in the gallery shouted:

"What did I tell ye? They don't mean to do nothing. They thinks we 'fraid o' 'em, 'cos they've a handful o' soldiers behind 'em. We'll show 'em their bloomin' error!"

Frank Willoughby raised his hand and pointed in the direction of the raucous voice.

"If you listen to that man and to others of his kind you will never be content—you will never be satisfied. I tell you that we are prepared to meet you half-way in the settlement of this difficulty. Surely that is fair. You are determined not to go on in the old way—we are equally determined that it is impossible to grant all you ask."

Again the angry murmurs rose and swelled, and then died away. Many of the people were standing up in their seats. A spirit of danger had crept into that crowded building, and Frank Willoughby knew it as he stood there striving to make himself heard.

"I tell you we will meet you half-way," he cried. "Send us a dozen of your best men now to talk this over. But let them be men of Banley—men who live here; above all, men who work here."

His keen grey eyes grew very bright, and through his voice there trembled a note of anger.

"Let us get to the bottom of this here and now. Don't let us have any more of the scenes that disgraced your town yesterday. Fighting won't do any good. Shouting

won't do any good. Above all—standing idle and listening to the lies of people who are thriving on your misery won't do any good. Turn such people out of your town—they have no right here. Trust in yourselves, not in men like my friend in the gallery—not in women like your 'Theatre Lady' . . ."

A roar from the theatre drowned anything else Frank Willoughby said. Some evil spirit must have whispered in his ear, some spiteful imp must have placed those words on his tongue. He realised in a moment that he had made a mistake, but even in that moment it was too late.

The vast crowd surged up towards the stage like some mighty billow from the sea. For an instant it looked as though it must break and overwhelm the man who still faced it with clenched fists and firmly-set teeth. But at that very moment the curtains at the side of the stage were pulled aside, and a woman's figure stepped quickly into view.

"Wait!" a strong, clear voice cried. "Will you listen to me?"

Then once again a mighty shout went up from the theatre, but this time it was a shout of joy and approval, a shout of welcome from Banley to one it loved.

"The Theatre Lady! The Theatre Lady! Aye! let 'er speak! We'll listen to 'er!"

Frank Willoughby turned quickly round, and as he did so he caught sight of "The Theatre Lady's" face. His jaw dropped, and he trembled like a man suddenly stricken with sickness.

Then he tottered a step forward and took "The Theatre Lady" in his arms.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*For just one kiss that your lips have given
In the lost and beautiful past to me,
I would gladly barter my hopes of Heaven
And all the bliss of eternity.*

For a second Grace lay there in her husband's arms. The touch of those strong hands thrilled her as they had never thrilled her in the days when she and Frank had been together. The sight of his face close to hers and the sound of his voice whispering in her ear seemed like part of some strange dream. Surely she would awaken to find it all a trick of the brain; surely this was not indeed the moment that she had longed and prayed for so fervently!

Dan followed "The Theatre Lady" on to the stage, and as he saw Grace in her husband's arms he sprang quickly forward and laid his great hands on Frank Willoughby's shoulders.

"Let 'er be!" he growled. "Don't ye lay a 'and on 'er!"

Willoughby turned on him fiercely, but Bertram was close to his side and laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Let her go on, man," he whispered excitedly. "She may save everything—let her go on!"

And "The Theatre Lady" shut her eyes to the happiness which lay within her reach; she closed her ears to the eager voice of love that was calling so softly—so sweetly to her; she banished from her mind everything save that she was, now more than ever, "The Theatre Lady," that her husband and his friends were in peril, and that the future of Banley was trembling in the balance.

Never had she put such fervour into her speech; never had the words flowed so readily from her lips. Her whole heart and soul seemed to live in her face and in her voice as she pleaded with the dwellers in "the valley of toil" to be wise before it was too late.

She told them that the owners' offer was a fair one; that though they could not immediately attain to all they desired, the new order of things would be to their advantage, and would enable them to ultimately gain that which they wished for.

She drew a vivid word-picture of the horror and misery and suffering which would be the inevitable result of prolonging the struggle. She appealed to their better natures; she prayed them to think of their wives and little ones; she even asked them to remember her, and if they could think kindly of her, if they could say in their hearts that they owed her the slightest debt of gratitude, she asked them to pay it now by saving the future of their homes, by ensuring their future happiness.

And upon that vast audience, which a few moments before had been stirred and lashed into anger, there fell a wonderful silence. They listened with open mouths and ears; they drank in "The Theatre Lady's" words eagerly—gladly. Never before had she been nearer or dearer to them; never before had the magic of her clear, sweet voice so touched their hearts.

The great battle of Grace's life was won; it was the supreme moment of her triumph. She did not know it then, but that day she had done a thing that all England was to applaud on the morrow. She had at the critical moment saved the potteries from hopeless ruin; she had at the eleventh hour saved a thousand lives, a thousand homes, and when she had at length finished speaking they

cheered and cheered again until the very walls and roof of the Theatre Royal, Banley, seemed to rock with the great volume of sound.

When she knew that the battle was won, and that there was nothing more to do, a great revulsion of feeling swept over her. Her courage forsook her, and she became suddenly weak and fearful. She knew that she could not at any cost go through the scene which she felt sure must follow.

She glanced nervously round the stage and saw that Frank was watching her with wonder-staring eyes. She saw him rise from his seat and stretch out his hands towards her. Then in a flash she turned to Dan Mullins and whispered:

"Dan, take me away! Quickly—quickly! Take me away from here—anywhere—but take me away!"

The crowd was already thronging up on to the stage, striving to reach their idol, eager to do anything to show their love and admiration. Dan took in the situation at a glance, and in his dull, heavy way he thought that he understood "The Theatre Lady's" feelings. He caught her in his great strong arms, and, before anyone quite realised it, had carried her away and disappeared at the back of the stage.

The first person to follow them was Frank Willoughby. Maddened by the thought that he might lose her after all, he sprang forward in the direction that Dan and Grace had taken. But the crowd hampered and impeded him, and it was some time before he could fight his way through them. When he at length succeeded in doing so, he found himself at a loss in which direction to proceed. The iron door leading from the stage to the front of the house caught his eye, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, he opened it and passed through.

He found himself in a narrow passage, which was entirely deserted. At the further end was another door, and towards it Frank Willoughby ran with beating heart. His hand had already grasped the handle of the door when a voice behind him caused him to turn with a glad cry on his lips.

"Frank—Frank! Where are you going? I am here!"
In a moment he was at her side, his arms were about her, and her head was hidden on his breast. How she trembled! How fiercely she clung to him! How terrified she seemed!

"Grace—my darling—it's all right—it's all right now. Thank God I have found you!"

She did not answer, but still kept her face hidden on his breast. Willoughby fancied that he could almost hear the beating of her heart.

"Grace—look up—speak to me—say you are glad—tell me that you are glad to see me here!"

She raised her head and glanced up into his face.

"Of course I am glad," she whispered; "very—very glad!"

"And happy?"

The fair head drooped again, and Frank could only just catch the murmured—

"Yes—and happy."

Willoughby could not tell why, but a chill of disappointment seemed to pass through him. This meeting was not quite what he had expected. He had hoped to see in his wife's eyes the look that he had seen there that night on Dartmoor; but when she had glanced up at him just then he had been struck by an expression of fear on her face. Why should she be afraid? What was there to fear now?

He remembered the letter she had left behind her at the Ritz Hotel, and once again that evil thought shot through his brain that she had perhaps left him at the bidding of some other man. He dismissed the thought angrily and drew her closer to his breast.

"What shall we do?" he asked. "Let us get away from here. Where are your friends?"

"My friends?"

"Yes—that great brute that carried you away—where has he gone?"

She turned away and bit her lip nervously, afraid lest he should discover the deceit.

"Oh! He has gone—gone," she stammered. "I got rid of him."

She looked at Frank for a moment doubtfully, and then, flinging her arms about his neck, she cried:

"Take me away—take me away! Let us go back to London—at once—to-night. Let us go anywhere—anywhere away from this hateful town."

"Yes—yes," Willoughby answered quietly. "We will go away to-night."

He told himself that the ordeal through which she had passed had proved too much for her. There was bound to be a reaction after the strain which had been put upon her nerves. That would explain her present dislike of her surroundings, her anxiety to get away from the place in which she had suffered so much.

"We'll go back to my hotel now," he said. "You can send for your things and we'll catch the evening train."

"My things are all at the station."

"At the station?"

She flushed hotly and hastened to explain.
"Yes, I meant to go away to-night. I felt I couldn't stay here any longer."

Frank Willoughby smiled down tenderly into the upturned face.

"Thank Heaven I have found you in time, dear," he said. "You don't know how lonely I have been."

"I can guess."
"And you? Why did you do it, Grace? Why did you leave me? I want to hear all about it—I want to know everything."

"Not now—not now," she murmured. "When we are away from here—away from all these people. I'll tell you everything then—everything." She looked anxiously into his face. "It will make no difference, will it? You will love me just the same?"

"I shall always love you as dearly as I have ever loved you—since the day you became my wife."

He spoke the words quietly, earnestly, gazing down into her eyes as he did so. And again he saw a look of fear creep into her face, and he felt her little hands tighten convulsively on his arm.

"Tell me—tell me now," she pleaded. "Say it just once to please me. Tell me you love me now as much as you did that night on Dartmoor?"

"I do, dear," he answered softly; "I shall never love you less."

She drew a deep breath of content, and together they left the theatre and picked their way quickly through the crowded streets. Frank noticed that she had drawn a thick veil over her face to avoid being recognised by the crowd. It occurred to him once for a moment that she was wearing a different dress from that in which she had appeared on the stage, but, remembering that she could have had no time to change, he told himself that he must be mistaken. What did it matter, anyway? Was it not sufficient happiness to know that he had found her, that it was indeed his wife who at that very moment was clinging to his arm, and that they were going away that very evening together, and that they would part no more?

He left her for a few moments in the entrance hall of the hotel, and when he returned his face was bright and eager with anticipation. It seemed almost as if the lines and hollows about his eyes had already disappeared.

"We're in luck!" he cried. "There's a train in rather less than two hours. In case Bertram doesn't return in time, I have left a note telling him what has happened, and saying that if it is absolutely necessary for you and I to be here when the final terms of the settlement are to be agreed upon that we will come back the day after to-morrow. So you see you needn't worry about your friends here; the fight has ended in a draw in their favour. Aren't you glad?"

"Yes—yes," was the nervous answer. "In less than two hours, you said?"

Frank Willoughby looked at her curiously. How soon she seemed to have forgotten her love for the people whose idol she had become. If she could forget so soon—

"I'm glad there is a train then."

"So am I," said Frank. "What would you like to do until then?"

"I should like to rest if I may; I'm rather tired."

Frank found her a room where she could be alone, and as he bent over and kissed her he said:

"I'll come back and tell you when it's time to start. I'm so happy, Grace, so happy!"

He passed his hand tenderly over her soft, fair hair, and went quietly out of the room.

And Dorothy Blessington, left alone, pressed her hands against her burning cheeks.

"I don't care—I don't care!" she whispered fiercely. "I love him! It is me, not Grace, he loves! He is mine—I will keep him—I can't let him go again!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

*She has the prize and I have—well,
Memories sweeter than the joys of Heaven;
Memories fierce as the fires of hell—
Those unto me were given.*

THE shriek of the guard's whistle, the quick scream from the engine, and the sudden jolt forward of the train startled Dorothy Blessington into a sense of what was taking place.

She had actually started for London with Frank Willoughby.

Temptation had proved too strong for her. At the eleventh hour she had given way and had done the one thing she had dreaded—the one thing she had prayed for strength to resist.

While she had been waiting for Frank in the hotel she had gone over it all in her mind a hundred times. She was like a swimmer swept along by a raging flood, striving with desperate strokes to gain the shore, and yet knowing that every effort was weaker and more unavailing than the one before it.

There was never the slightest doubt in her mind but that she was sinning—sinning against Frank Willoughby, sinning against Grace, and sinning against herself. Yet she was powerless in the hands of love. Love, like some mighty giant, had overwhelmed her. Struggle as she would, she could not free herself from his embrace. He held her a close prisoner; he laughed down into her face and cried:

"This man loves you and you love him. Take him and be happy. If you do not, you will die."

And Dorothy Blessington knew that it was the truth. When she had stolen up from Sanctuary Bay in the clothes of the woman whom she thought was dead, she had had no other thought in her mind but that she might gain a life of ease—a life of luxury. But love had changed all that. She cared not now if Frank Willoughby were rich or poor; she cared for nothing, she prayed for nothing but to have his love.

As she sat in the corner of the carriage which he had reserved for their journey, she kept repeating to herself:

"It is me he loves! It was never Grace—it is me—me!"

And then, like all who sin, she was smitten with a sudden sense of fear. Suppose at some future time Grace, grown weary of her exile, should return? What would happen then? However deep in Frank's affections she might lay, however close to her heart she might have grappled him, the exposure of her treachery might rob her of his love for ever.

It would be better to tell him now. After all, it was her he loved. She would make sure of it once again, and then, when his arms were about her and his face pressed close to hers, she would tell him the whole story.

Dorothy Blessington was a woman who lived for the moment only, and in picturing to herself the declaration of her love it never occurred to her heated and excited imagination that Frank would do otherwise than accept the situation.

The train was fast leaving Banley behind, and with ever-increasing speed was rushing through the gathering shadows towards London. Dorothy had not dared to look at Frank since they had started. She stared out of the window at the misty landscape as it wheeled past them. They were alone in the carriage. Presently she heard him call her, and she turned with a quick movement and slipped both her hands into his. Their eyes met. The man's were bright and eager, and the woman's misty and dimmed with tears.

Frank bowed his head and pressed her hand to his lips. "Grace—Grace," she heard him murmur, "why have you stayed away so long? Why have you made us both suffer so much?"

She did not answer. She was confronted suddenly with the difficulties of the situation, and realised that a false step now might ruin everything.

Frank Willoughby was sitting beside her. He slipped his arm about her and drew her closer to his side. She kept her face turned from him, but she did not resist his embrace.

"Tell me all about it, dear," he said softly. "Why did you go away? Why did you go to Banley? Why did you leave me at all?"

Dorothy drew a long breath. "I went away because I loved you so," she answered. "I went away because I dared not stay."

"But surely, dear—"

"But I'm back now," she cried quickly. "Don't let us talk about what has been. Let us forget it all."

A shade of disappointment darkened Frank Willoughby's brow.

"I can't forget it," he said. "I want you to tell me all about it. Grace, surely it is only fair? I was so happy that night in London. And when I went up to your room and couldn't find you—when I had read the letter you had left behind—it was all so strange and so terrible that I couldn't believe that it was really so—that you had gone. You don't know the doubt and anxiety through which I passed after that. You don't know how I strove to find you; you can never guess how much I suffered."

Dorothy turned to him quickly and her hands went up towards her face.

"And it was all for me—for me?" she cried eagerly.

"Tell me so—say that it was so! Tell me it was for the woman you drove home to the Rock Inn on the night of the storm, the woman who, seated by your side on Dartmoor, told you that she loved you; the woman who left you that night at the Ritz Hotel! Tell me it was for her you suffered!"

Frank took her hands in his again and tried to soothe her. Her excitement frightened him. He saw how bright her eyes had grown, and how the colour came and went in her cheeks. He noted the rapid rise and fall of her bosom, and he felt the fierce grip of her fingers about his own.

"Hush, dear, hush—" he whispered. "No, no, I want to hear you say it. The very words—the very words I have used. Tell me it is I whom you love—no one else—no one else!"

"Grace, you know I love you. . . ."

"Yes—yes. But you don't love the woman who was your wife for so long? Tell me that you didn't learn to love until the night of the storm."

"I have always loved you," Frank answered earnestly.

"You never saw me until that night," she said brokenly.

"I was a different woman—I was not your wife."

Frank drew slightly away from her, and again a shadow darkened his brow.

"That is what you said once before," he answered. "I remember you telling me that your old self had been swallowed up by the storm."

He leaned suddenly forward, and, seizing her hand, peered eagerly into her face.

"And then your letter!" he cried. "You said in that 'the woman you have known lately and who melted at your touch was not me at all.' Grace! What did you mean by that?"

Dorothy Blessington drew her hand away, and a queer little laugh escaped her lips. She rose suddenly to her feet,

and, stretching out her arms until her hands gripped the racks on either side of the carriage, she cried:

"Are we indeed so alike? Is there not some subtle difference? Can't you see it—you who know us both so well?"

Frank Willoughby stared up at the tall figure above him. There was a strange, far-away light in his eyes; he seemed not to be looking so much at Dorothy Blessington as beyond her at some mysterious and as yet indefinite truth which, unknown to him, had suddenly dawned upon his understanding.

"Yes—there was a difference," he said slowly—"a difference which I could not understand. But I accepted it because I thought it would bring me happiness. It was something in your eyes. I saw it first on the night of the storm; it was stronger and more defined when we sat side by side on Dartmoor; and I saw it again brighter and more clearly than I have ever seen it when I held you in my arms for that brief moment on the stage of the theatre at Banley."

He stopped speaking suddenly, for the swift change in Dorothy's face startled him. She had grown very pale, and he could see that she clung for support to the rails of the carriage.

"You saw it then—on the stage—at Banley?" she asked in hollow tones.

"Yes, but—I do not see it now."

With a cry she flung herself on the seat beside him, clinging to him wildly, and striving to draw him to her.

"But it is there," she cried. "Look—look—deep down in my eyes—in my heart—in my very soul! It is there for you to see as plainly now as when we were in Devonshire. It is love, Frank, love! It is my love for you—the love that you have given to me, and that no one can take away or kill!"

"Grace—Grace—"

She threw back her head and looked at him in the eyes.

"Don't call me by that name!" she cried. "Don't you understand yet? I am not your wife. I am the woman who loves you—the woman whom you love!"

"You are not my wife!" Frank Willoughby repeated dully. "I—I don't understand."

"Your wife is still in Banley. She is 'The Theatre Lady.' She has forgotten you—"

Willoughby sprang to his feet with a cry, and seized her almost roughly by the wrists.

"What are you saying?" he cried, in a voice which struck terror to her heart. "In Heaven's name, tell me the truth!"

"I have told you," Dorothy panted. "Grace Willoughby and I are two different beings. Alike in every form—in every feature—and yet we are not the same. I swear it—I swear it!"

Frank Willoughby's arms fell loosely to his sides, and great beads of perspiration broke out upon his brow. This sudden rending of the veil, this dazzling truth, which had burst upon him, was so overpowering that it left him weak and helpless. He stared helplessly out of the carriage window. It was quite dark now, and a fine rain was falling. The train was travelling at a great speed, and he caught himself trying to count the lights that flashed by them in the darkness. Every throb of the engine—every rotation of the wheels was taking him further and further away from Banley. And in Banley his wife was waiting.

His eyes turned again to his companion. She was huddled up in a corner of the carriage with her hands clasped about her knees, and her big eyes fixed steadfastly upon him. A blind hatred for the woman swept over him. He hated her for what she had done; he hated her for being like Grace.

"What have you done?" he cried bitterly. "What have you done?"

"I have learned to love you! I have taught you to love!"

"That is not true," Frank cried. "I have always loved."

They sat staring at one another in silence. The train swung and clattered on its way. They both felt the situation growing unbearable; they both prayed for some relief.

"Why did you do this thing?" Willoughby asked presently.

Dorothy started as though awaking from a dream.

"I did it because I was a thief. I did it because I wanted to be happy, and I imagined that if I could only be rich—"

She hesitated and leaned over towards him. "I met your wife at Sanctuary Bay. I saw myself in her—she saw herself in me. She was rich and unhappy; I was poor and unhappy too. I thought how different it would be if I could only change places with her. Some random words of hers first put the idea into my head. I imagined that with money and her opportunities I should want for nothing. Then the storm came—we were bathing together—I saw her swept out to sea by the waves—I thought she must surely be dead."

Frank Willoughby looked up sharply; it was the first time he had heard of Grace's peril.

"Don't you see my temptation?" Dorothy cried. "Can't you understand it? I had only to put on her clothes—no one, not even you, could know the difference. I never dreamed of the wrong I was doing you. I wanted money, position, ease." She drew in a long, shuddering breath, and fixed her big eyes full on his face. "I never dreamed that I should learn to love you—that you would learn to love me."

"Don't say that!" said Willoughby sternly. "I thought you were my wife. It is Grace I love—Grace!"

Dorothy stretched out her arms and tried to touch his hand. There was something infinitely pathetic in the gesture, but Frank Willoughby hardly noticed it. He was thinking only of the months of loneliness and suffering through which he had passed; he was thinking of the wrongs that Grace had suffered, and his heart was filled with bitterness for the woman who had caused them.

"But it was not Grace who first stirred that love within you," she pleaded. "It was not Grace who sat beside you on Dartmoor. Oh! can't you think what it means to me to say this now? Can't you guess what it has cost

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THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

A Use for Stale Bread and Butter.

Spread half the slice with jam, cover with the other half; form into neat pieces, dip into batter, and fry in deep boiling fat.

A Mushroom Dish.

Fry some mushrooms until partly done and place them on hot toast. Pour some thick cream over, cover with a hot basin, and stand for five minutes in front of a fire. Scatter salt and pepper over just before serving.

When a Joint is to be Re-cooked

As you describe, wrap it in thickly buttered paper, so as to keep it closely covered in the oven. By keeping the joint well covered, the steam will prevent the meat from becoming hard and dry, and the joint will get hot through in less time. Always make some fresh gravy to serve with it. (Reply to MATRON.)

Try Mushroom Kidneys for Breakfast.

And you will have an appetising dish. Broil three kidneys, or more if desired, and broil twice as many mushrooms. Season highly with salt and pepper. Place a small piece of butter inside each mushroom, and serve very hot on slices of buttered toast. If the kidneys are too large for the mushrooms they can be cut to fit before broiling.

A Good Tomato Sauce

Is always appreciated with boiled cauliflower, macaroni, fowl, or fish. Take eight ripe tomatoes, cut them up, skins and all, and stew till they are very soft, then press through a sieve, season highly with salt and cayenne pepper. Add a gill of thick brown gravy and heat, stirring till the sauce boils. Serve at once.

Mint Sauce and Veal.

Many people are unaware of the excellence of mint sauce eaten with roast veal. It is a generally accepted Welsh custom to combine the two, and has a very good reason in promoting digestion. It is far more sensible to eat mint sauce with veal than with lamb, for the former is much the more indigestible meat of the two.

Honey Biscuits

Make a nice dish for afternoon tea or dessert. Take three-quarters of a pound of dried and sifted flour, six ounces of honey, quarter of a pound of caster sugar, two ounces of citron and half an ounce of orange peel, both cut very small. Melt the sugar and honey and mix in gradually the other ingredients. Roll out the paste and cut it into small cakes of a long shape. Bake very carefully in a cool oven till crisp.

Egg Birds' Nests.

Butter four slices of toasted bread, put the whites of four eggs into one bowl and yolks in another. Add salt to the whites, and beat until stiff enough to turn the bowl upside down without spilling the eggs. Pile the beaten whites on the toasted bread, leaving a hole in the centre of each piece. Into this carefully place the yolk of an egg, put a wee bit of butter on it and bake at once to suit the taste. Serve hot.

Parisian French Beans.

This is a most popular vegetable course, and greatly appreciated by our vegetarian friends. Take one pound of shredded and cooked French beans. Melt half an ounce of butter in a stewpan, add two minced shallots, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a few chives. Put in the beans, season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and lemon juice. Toss the whole over a clear fire till the beans are thoroughly hot. Garnish with croûtons and serve.

Dutch Brisket of Beef.

Take some thin slices of bacon and cover the bottom of the stewpan, place a piece of brisket of beef weighing about seven pounds on these, and put a few more slices of bacon on the top. Add two onions, one large carrot, a bunch of herbs, five cloves, half a dozen allspice, some peppercorns, a blade of mace, and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Always cover the meat with water or stock, close the pan, and let its contents just simmer for four hours. Strain off the liquor, thicken and flavour some of it to taste for sauce, place the meat in a roasting tin, keep it basted with a little of the liquor, then boil the remainder rapidly till very much reduced, and pour it over the meat after it is placed on a hot dish. Garnish with small heads of cauliflowers and the vegetables which were stewed with the meat.

A PARTICULARLY PRETTY LITTLE FROCK.

Even though you may not be feeling exceedingly pleased to-day either with yourself or the world in general, you must acknowledge, however grudgingly, that this week our artist has designed a particularly pretty little frock (No. 16408) for the little maid of six to eight years of age.

The probability is that the greater number of our readers will carry out the sketch in one or another of the light woollens, hence the estimate in 42 inch goods that three yards will be required for the purpose. At the same time, that need prove no bar to your making the dress of linen or one of the heavier makes of cotton.

The little dress—designed to fasten down the back, by the way—is simplicity itself, for the full skirt is unlined, and has but one seam—at the centre back—the front being placed to the fold of material. When you put this skirt pattern in position before cutting-out, make a crease in the pattern where it projects beyond the selvages of your material and you will then see at a glance the exact shape and size of the piece which you need to join on. On the skirt pattern the position of the three shaped strips at foot is plainly shown.

Mount the tiny vest upon the bodice lining, afterwards placing upon it the material front, the top of which is cut away to reveal the vest, the opening being finished with a couple of crossed straps.

A one-piece lining is provided for the two-piece sleeve, the lower part of which must be trimmed to correspond with the vest. Either a covering of fine lace or a little simple embroidery worked upon the material itself would be suitable.



No. 16408. Paper pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

HOW TO GET ENGAGED IN TYROL.

TYROLEAN maidens are by old custom spared the necessity of giving tongue to their "ay" or "no."

The first time a young man pays a visit as an avowed suitor he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and offers it to the object of his affections. In any case she will not refuse it point blank—that would be too gross an insult—but should the wooer not be agreeable to her, or his declaration come a little too prematurely, she declines the proffered wine, pleading that it looks sour, or that wine disagrees with her, or any other excuse that feminine ingenuity may suggest.

If she likes the lad, and is equal to owning it, she empties the glass, taking care not to spill any of the wine, for if she does so, or the glass or bottle be broken, it is an unhappy omen. "They have split the wine between them," say the peasants when the marriage turns out badly.

JAPANESE MARRIAGE LAWS.

ALTHOUGH Japan has revealed herself as highly enlightened in so many spheres of civilisation, she has not yet applied reformatory principles to the institution of marriage.

There is yet no such thing in Japan as equality between the sexes. The law relating to marriage recognises no wrongs except on the part of the wife, from whom the husband may obtain a divorce by merely asserting that he is tired of her.

When a girl is about to marry, her mother impresses upon her various rules of conduct to be followed during her married life. Some of these are:

- "Be always amiable to your mother-in-law and father-in-law.
- "Don't talk much.
- "Get up early, go to bed late, and never sleep in the afternoon.
- "Until you are fifty, never mix in crowds.
- "Do not consult fortune-tellers.
- "Do not wear light clothes.
- "Be humble and polite.
- "Never allow yourself to be jealous.
- "Even if your husband is in the wrong, never get angry.
- "Never speak evil of your neighbours.
- "Strict obedience to a husband is a wife's noblest virtue."

CHARACTER IN CHINA.

In reading character by the chin, physiognomists divide the chin into five separate classes, as follows:

- The pointed or narrow, round chin.
- The indented chin.
- The narrow, square chin.
- The broad, square chin.
- And the broad, round chin.

The pointed or narrow chin signifies a nature not easily satisfied, and longing for an ideal. Many spinsters have this chin.

The indented chin must not be confounded with dimpled chin.

Women with the indented chin have tremendous desire for affection. They are miserable unless a man is in love with them.

The narrow, square chin also signifies a strong nature.

The woman with this chin will marry a poor man if she loves him, although she may have suitors of boundless wealth and of far higher social position.

The broad, square chin shows tremendous strength of feeling. The woman with this chin is capable of the most devoted love. She is sometimes jealous.

The broad round chin also accompanies a capacity for ardent love and for great steadfastness. The broad-chinned woman is faithful.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Apples

Are excellent food for us all, especially brain workers, and so everybody who has much intellectual work to do should eat freely of this fruit.

When Making Jelly with Fresh Fruit

The juice should always be allowed to drip into china or glass vessels. If a tin one be used the colour of the jelly is spoilt.

To Keep Cheese from Becoming Mouldy

Wrap the cheese in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung as dry as possible; keep this in a cool place. (Reply to MADGE.)

In Giving Milk to Children

Always use either glass or china vessels, not metallic cups of any sort. The greatest cleanliness must be observed in their management, rinsing all used glasses, first in cold and then in warm water.

To Make Fly Papers.

Melt some resin, and while soft add sweet oil or lard to make it, when cold, about the consistency of honey. Spread this mixture on stout paper and place in convenient places. The paper will soon be covered with flies and can be burnt. (Reply to TROUBLED.)

To Polish Your Shells.

Clean the shells by rubbing with a rag dipped into common hydrochloric acid until the outer skin is removed, wash in warm water, then place in hot sawdust to dry, and afterwards polish with a chamois leather. The shells that have no natural polished surface can be varnished or rubbed with a little tripoli powder and turpentine on the leather, and then with olive oil. Lastly, polish as before with the chamois leather. While using the acid wear thick gloves to protect the hands. After the shells are polished in this way, you will find uses for them, such as pin cushions, ash-trays, etc. (Reply to HOBBS, Guernsey.)

Absurd Notions about Supper.

So much nonsense is talked about suppers that one wonders how long people will dispute over the wisdom of taking supper, or going to bed without it. It is just as true that to go to bed fasting is as much a cause of sleeplessness, as that a heavy supper induces restlessness and a sort of sodden slumber from which one awakens quite unrefreshed. Healthy people very naturally require some slight nourishment, and common sense suggests that it is better to satisfy the appetite with something light and digestible, than to upset the system with a too "solid" supper, or by taking none at all. A glass of hot milk, or chocolate and (according to Sir Francis Laking) some Currant Bread, eaten about thirty minutes before going to bed, is both sufficient and entirely suitable. The King's physician says that Currants contain more brain and body building properties than almost any other food, and he strongly advises that plenty of these little dried grapes should be used daily. We anticipate that the intelligent housewife will readily appreciate the remarkable food value of Currants, and it is easy to foretell that to adults and children alike Currant Bread will be as welcome as it is nutritious and wholesome.

A Practical Guide for Students.

"Art and L. S. D." is the title of a very interesting series of articles, the first instalment of which is given in this week's issue of that useful little paper for ladies, HOME NOTES. In order that these articles may afford the greatest possible help to those interested in the subject, the writer will be glad to reply by post to any questions that readers may send him, or to advise as to the merit and saleability of, and the best market for, any drawings or designs they submit to him. For further particulars buy a copy of HOME NOTES dated August 2, 1906. In the same number the amateur dressmaker will see a design with diagram for making a summer blouse with elbow sleeves, which can be managed on a couple of shillings. Directions with illustrations of stitches for making a pretty cushion cover with black flossette will appeal to the lover of fancy work, and the first of a useful series of articles on Manners at Meals will prove a boon to many a perplexed one. Price one penny. Published on Friday.

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YELLOWBOY has heard that one of the millionaires of London has a gold dinner service worth one hundred thousand pounds. He thinks if this be true that it must be the most valuable service in the world.

Not the most valuable, **YELLOWBOY**. The gold service belonging to the King, and kept at Windsor Castle, has been valued at £800,000. It is estimated that the Royal plate at Windsor is worth nearly two millions of money.

A **READER**, of Dublin, sends me particulars of an extraordinary record: "I wonder if any of the readers of *P.W.* can beat my ancestors' record of married bliss. My ancestor, Thomas McClure, of Co. Donegal, born 1715, and his wife, Elizabeth McClure (née Ralston) celebrated the 80th anniversary of their wedding day, both parties having well outlived the century." I should be glad to hear if the relations of any reader have gone one better than this.

SMILER asks me to suggest a remedy for ill-temper. He goes on to admit that he suffers a little in this way at times, but would like to know how he could overcome his feelings. I have taken your inquiry round the editorial offices, **SMILER**, and the general impression here is that you had better join the editorial department of a go-ahead paper, in which case you will have no time left for getting ill-tempered. A more serious suggestion has been offered to me, and that is that once or twice in the season you should get down to Epping Forest when the F.A.F. children from the slums of the East-end are having a day's outing. This ought to keep you in good temper for many months.

SCOTIA has been having an argument with a friend of his upon the phrase: "The City of Magnificent Distances." **SCOTIA** claims that the phrase refers to Edinburgh, a claim which his friend disputes, contending that the title rightly belongs to some foreign city. Your friend is right, **SCOTIA**, though Edinburgh, in some of its parts, seems fully entitled to the description. "The City of Magnificent Distances" is Washington, in the United States, which is laid out upon such magnificent proportions that streets, roads, and open spaces occupy more than half of the entire surface. St. Petersburg has also been described by this name.

Our **Joke Editor** has been wandering around this week with a little riddle which he has been propounding with a series of chuckles that make one's eyes merry. Some of us have given him some kind of an answer, others have failed completely, and are in despair. The riddle is: "Why should unmarried girls eat fish?" I am anxious to propitiate our champion jokist with a really good answer, so I will give twenty-five gold-plated pencil-cases for what I consider to be the twenty-five best answers to the riddle. Address your post-cards to: "Fish Editor," *Pearson's Weekly* Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive here not later than first delivery Aug. 7th, 1906.

WATSON (Bolton) sends me quite an original suggestion. He thinks that every man should be made to wear a uniform, showing what position he occupies. "It is very useful," he goes on, "when you have had your watch stolen, or have lost your way in a strange city, to know that the well-built gentleman dressed in blue, with brass buttons, standing at the street corner, is a policeman. Would it not be equally convenient in case of an accident, if you knew that the man with pale green stripes down the legs of his trousers, and in a red hat was a doctor; or if your water-pipe had suddenly burst and you could recognise some individual in the street as a plumber, by the fact that his boots were pink and his collar was yellow?"

An excellent notion, **WATSON**, and a new interest would be added to life, for half the population would be spending large portions of their time in studying hand-books entitled: "Uniforms and what they teach us," while others would find great diversion in trying to extricate themselves from the confusion arising from the fact that they have mistaken the pea green trousers of an inspector of dustbins for the grass green trousers of a Field Marshal. The idea seems good, **WATSON**, but I am afraid it would be impossible to carry it out.

J. H. A., of Liverpool, writes as follows: "As an instance of how easily money can be raised for the **FRESH AIR FUND** if one takes the trouble, an incident which happened last Saturday will show. A gentleman, who was being congratulated on the beauty of his rose, on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange recently, remarked that he had dozens dying for the want of gathering. It was then suggested that he should bring down a basket of roses the following day, to be raffled for the **FRESH**

AIR FUND. Accordingly, the next morning a large basket of beautiful roses appeared, and the brokers clamoured round with their sixpences, not only for the beauty of the prize, but also in recognition of the kindness of the donor's endeavour in the cause of the "kiddies." In this way 173 sixpences, or £4 6s. 6d., was raised, which was sent off to the **FRESH AIR FUND**. Surely roses never gave greater pleasure than those days in the fresh air for the kiddies. Why should not others do the same, say, in the London Stock Exchange, for instance?"

This is an admirable suggestion, which I would like to see emulated in other of our big cities.

C. I. writes me: "I inclose postal order for eleven and threepence, for your **FRESH AIR FUND**. This is with the idea of giving a youngster an outing for each day of my summer holidays (fifteen days). I think those who do the same thing will look forward to enjoying their 'breather' all the more from the knowledge that each day's pleasure is shared with a 'poor relation.'—Thanks for the suggestion, **C. I.**, which is an excellent one. Ninepence is a very little to spare out of each day's expenses; but it is well worth sparing it, for you are not simply adding to the day's enjoyment, but counting the little slum child's pleasure, you are doubling it. A good many people are starting for their holidays at this time of the year. It will only cost them a few minutes to buy and dispatch a postal order for the **FRESH AIR FUND**, and their holidays will be certainly more enjoyable.

SEVERAL correspondents have pointed out that many sympathisers with the **FRESH AIR** movement do not contribute to the **FUND** either because they feel their contributions would be too small to send through the post, or because they cannot afford the time to purchase and send off postal orders. It has been suggested that a number of collecting boxes, exposed in public places, would bring in a large number of these contributions. The suggestion seems to be an excellent one, and I have had a number of collecting boxes given to me by Messrs. Bradstreet, of 41, Chiswell Street, London, E.C., which I will be very glad to send to hotel proprietors, secretaries of clubs and institutions, and employers of labour, who could prominently display such boxes. Applications for boxes to be sent to the Hon. Secretary, **FRESH AIR FUND**, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The following subscriptions have come to hand for the **FRESH AIR FUND**:

Amount previously acknowledged: £1,859 11s. 3d.
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(See page 74.)

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